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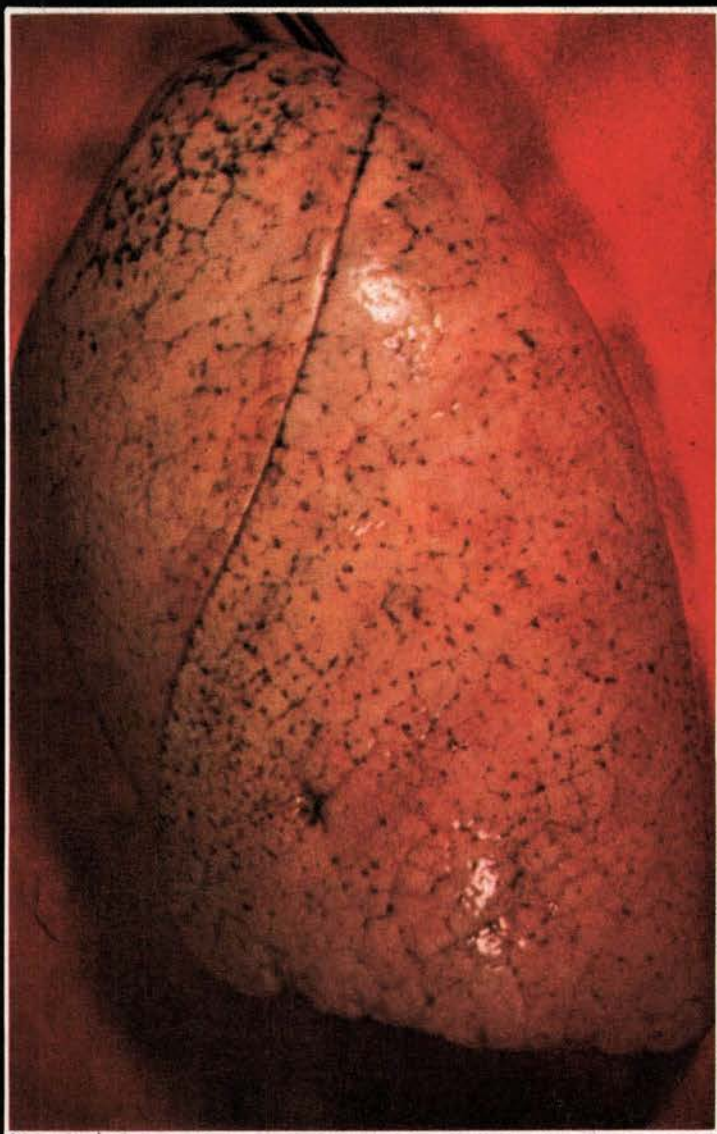


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ORGIES,
AND CON MEN**

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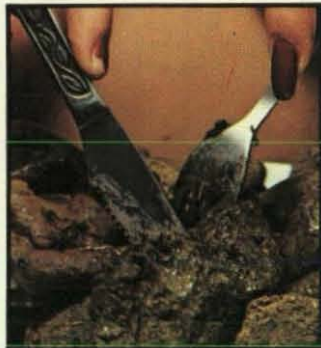
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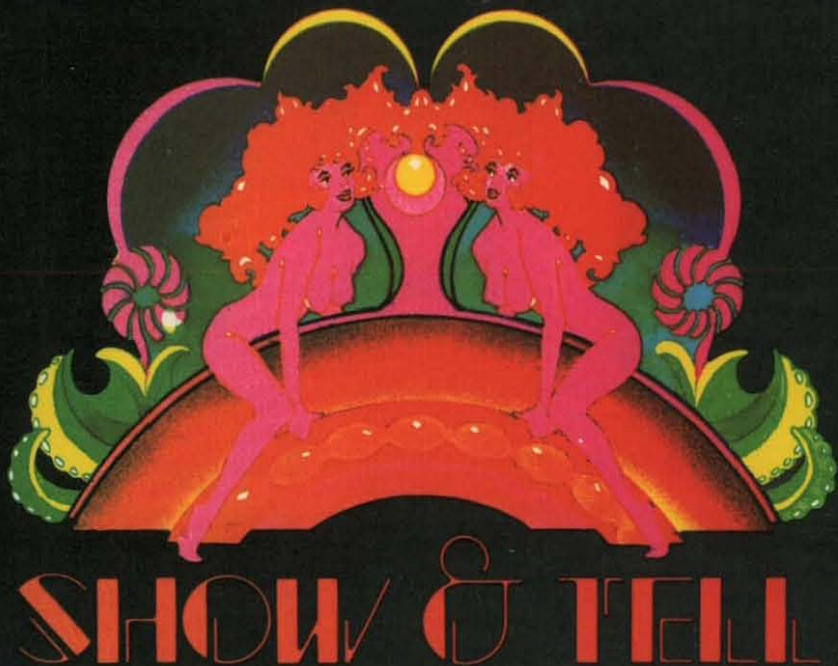
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VOL. 2 NO. 9 MAR. 1976



Super Valentine Issue...for Erotic Lovers

Daring to sound like a braggart, I must inform you of yet another wacko super issue that dares to be great. They say you try harder when you're not number one, but HUSTLER tries harder even when it is the *numero uno* magazine of its kind. And readers, you ask for it, so we let it rip.

Our feature story this month is **GOING DOWN IN BUNNYLAND**. No, that doesn't mean everyone got to perform oral sex on Hefner's birthday, but that things are bad—really bad—at Playboy. They say old dogs never die, but they sure quit barking. Why, you ask? Well, it's all explained by a former exec at Playboy, **DON MYRUS**. He not only is on record as having the longest memo from Hef, but the longest meeting with him, as well.

But, that's just for starters. We've also interviewed **DARBY LLOYD RAINS**, a first-rate blue movie star who not only gave a fuck for her flick, but showed that all you need is love to be a sexcess. (Scoop!! She also rates her co-workers on performance and style.)

You may have heard of **JOSEPH "YELLOW KID" WEIL**, but for a deeper insight into the old codger, check our **PROFILE**. Not only is he the oldest living con man (100 years old at this writing), but he's a remarkable character who got rich from the greedy and well-to-do. Never did an honest, hard-working man have to worry; 'cause he wasn't that type of guy.

In **THE COSTUME ORGY**, it's party time at Gloria's house and you are invited! So stop on by and join the orgy. But don't mind Gloria—she'd fuck a Martian!

When you're hot, you're hot; but when you enjoy it, you're smokin', Baby. But if your cunt's what's smoking then you must have a cigarette in it...and that's just what's happening on page 39. It's **AMERICA'S FAVORITE CIGARETTE BREAK**.

All you **BARE BEAVER** hunters can check out our exposé and see how some men take it into their own hands. That's how to skin a beaver!

Our fabulous centerfold this month is **JENNIFER**. Definitely not a damsel in distress and quite undressed. Also on the scorecard is **PETULA**, a cream puff most certainly.

Then—don't miss our sock-it-to-you **BITS & PIECES** or our cumly **KINKY KORNER**, where the local babysitter doesn't just sit the night away. For all you men out there who aren't as knowledgeable about your woman's orgasms as she'd like you to be, make sure you read this month's **SEX PLAY**. And don't overlook all the extras that each issue envelopes for your reading pleasure.

Happy Valentine's Day!

Althea Leasure

Associate Publisher
and Executive Editor

HUSTLER

"FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD"

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HUSTLER MARCH 1976 VOL. 2 NO. 9

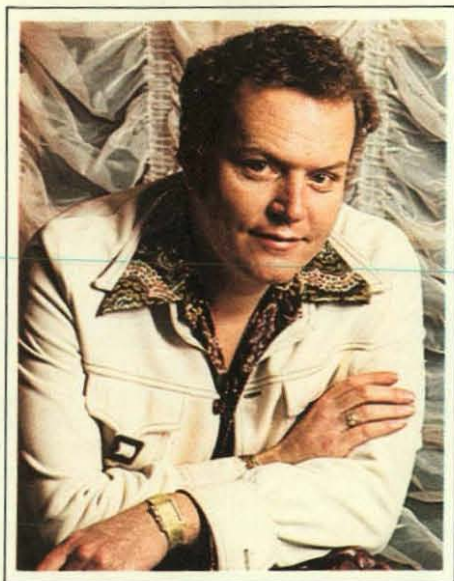
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



IS CANCER FUNNY?

You would think that when HUSTLER has a censorship problem, it would be related to nudity. Wrong. There are many different forms of censorship affecting the print media. Recently we've encountered two of them, one from readers demanding we censor ourselves or suffer loss of sales, the other from potential advertisers seeking to dictate editorial policy.

The first of these problems evolved out of the type of humor that HUSTLER frequently publishes. As many of you know, tastelessness can sometimes be funny. This is evident in the success of comedians like Lenny Bruce, George Carlin, David Brenner, Rodney Dangerfield and Don Rickles. I think the reason for this is that people like to laugh as a defense against fear. Because of the many problems in life today—personal, social and otherwise—it is important that every American enjoy the opportunities that present themselves. I think if we aren't able to laugh at ourselves at times—even at the sadnesses in life—we tend to become very empty people.

Because of our willingness to experiment with controversial subject matter, we have been barraged by letters criticizing the cartoon we ran in the January issue. It featured the silhouette of a woman standing in a window of the White House saying, "All I want for Christmas is my two front tits." It is obvious that these complaints from would-be censors are a reflection of a terribly guilt-ridden society.

For the record, both of my grandfathers died of cancer. My only sister died of leukemia. I have an aunt on my father's side who had a mastectomy. My mother has recently had a malignant tumor removed from her face, and cancer will probably take me out of this world. But I'll tell you one damn thing—I'm not going to worry about it. We only live once, and I'm going to enjoy myself. Every other American who doesn't want to worry himself to death should approach life the same way.

What's really wrong with most people today is *they take life too seriously*. Just look around. It seems to me that the people who get the most out of life are those who are able to laugh at their problems. Even when there is a death in the family, most of us

realize in our hearts that the relative who has died would want us to continue to live our lives to the fullest. Cancer is a frightening subject, but if we allow ourselves to give in to fear—if we knuckle under in horror—we might as well give up right now and crawl into our waiting graves.

All of which brings us to this month's other censorship problem. There has been a great deal of dissent among HUSTLER staffers about my recent decision to run the anti-smoking ad on the back cover of our February issue. A number of staffers believed this ad would hurt HUSTLER's chances to get advertising from the cigarette companies which, along with other advertisers, are withholding economic support because they object to our editorial policies. There is no such thing as being "a little bit pregnant"; the same thing applies to editorial policy—you either give in to adver-

tisers' demands completely or you do as you damn well please. I have consistently promised HUSTLER readers that we will never become a middle-of-the-road publication which attempts to appease advertisers and the government rather than serve the readers.

My attitude hasn't changed, although I must admit that the staffers who advised me against running the ad were accurate in their predictions. We've been advised through the grapevine that cigarette advertisers will not support us, and frankly, I couldn't care less, because they are directly responsible for thousands of deaths every year. If they pulled out a gun and shot most of their victims they would be no more decisive in ending their lives. Despite this condemnation, however, I would still run cigarette ads in HUSTLER because I feel it is every individual's right to decide—whenever possible—how he wants to die. If you want to smoke yourself to death, that's *your business*. Personally, I would prefer to have you fuck yourself to death.

Unfortunately, the cigarette companies would rather you didn't have a choice. According to unconfirmed reports, these companies intend to use their powerful lobby in Washington to create problems for HUSTLER. Apparently they don't want you to know the truth about smoking and are willing to undermine the First Amendment whenever a publication fails to toe the line.

All I can say is that if they try to fuck us they won't be getting a cherry. We're just going to keep on truckin' and let the chips fall where they may. Rest assured that each month you will find HUSTLER to be the most liberated magazine in the world. However, if you're one of those people who believe that having too much freedom is bad, I suggest you start smoking 10 packs of cigarettes a day, take out a 3-year subscription to HUSTLER, and donate your lungs to us. We're running out of fresh advertising props.

Larry Flynt
Larry Flynt
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

"BUTCH & PEACHES" CONTROVERSY

We write to you to inform you of our absolute disgust with your magazine. HUSTLER is a complete disgrace to the moral fiber of Caucasian civilization. Think—we as a nation and race have advanced to the point where we produce, as well as allow sale of, such utter trash. We are referring to the "Black Stud & His Georgia Peach" feature in your December 1975 issue. No wonder you talk of your periodical's difficulty in obtaining advertisers! We most certainly would not post an ad with you; we have more class than to degrade ourselves to your gutter level of degeneracy.

We seriously doubt that you will have the courtesy to print this letter, for from your apparent caliber it is to be expected that you will not. Just remember that this nation was not built by cheap women, whore-mongers, and race-mixers, but instead by hard-working Christian Caucasians.

National Southern Knights
of the Ku Klux Klan
Realm of Georgia
Fayette Kounty Klavern

When I looked inside your December issue and seen that nigger mongrelizing with a white woman, I realized how hard up your magazine

and those two really are. It was truly the last straw as far as I'm concerned.

Speaking the Public Mind

Fuck all you bigots! I would like to watch Butch run that big black cock up your wives' asses, and then make you lick the shit off.

—Larry Flynt

To Editors and all persons who stoop to earn their living by publishing HUSTLER:

May God forgive my utter feeling of hate and contempt which I hold for you today! Having just found your garbage heap—with its revolting pictures of a naked colored man and his white harlot girl friend—in my son's room, I'm pausing on my way to the incinerator with it only long enough to get your address on this letter.

May the God who loves us all spare you punishment of your sins which you commit in His sight against the youth of America. God help us! (P.S. I don't wear tennis shoes.)

Mother of Four

The hatred and contempt you feel for us couldn't possibly be any greater than that which we feel for sanctimonious hypocrites who promote racial hatred in God's name. If ever there was a sin in His sight, that is it!

In your December, 1975, issue you have the feature about "Butch and His Georgia Peach." Who is that broad trying to kid, to expect your readers to believe that she was able to take all 14 inches of him into her vagina? Especially when it's mentioned she weighs only 100 pounds. I repeat, no way could she have taken his 14 inches completely to the hilt. Please respond. I am interested.

Bill Vaheer
Bronx, New York

Peaches never claimed to have taken Butch's 14 inches "completely to the hilt." What she said was that he went "to the very bottom" of her cunt—which seems obvious. Refer to Rick Pauling's letter in the November, 1975, Advise & Consent for more on the trials of having a gigantic cock. And shouldn't we all have such problems?

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL HUSTLER

In regard to the Publisher's Statement, "Why \$2.25," in the December issue: You say that many retail outlets refuse to carry HUSTLER. Well, I own and operate a convenience store in Dodge City, Kansas, and I both sell and read your magazine every month. The only bitch I have about your magazine is that I can never get enough copies—they go out as fast as they come in! I get more copies of your magazine than any other, except for *Playboy* and *Penthouse*. I sell out of HUSTLER in a week, and still have plenty of *Playboy* and *Penthouse* left when their new issues come out. If those poor suckers in the newsstands, drugstores and supermarkets only knew how much profit they are losing every month by not carrying HUSTLER, it would scare them to death!

As for the advertisers, they need to pull their heads out of their asses and put their ads in a magazine that *sells*—not sits on the shelves.

It's nice to see that somebody still has the balls to print what the man wants—a good men's magazine.

HUSTLER, you're #1. If *Playboy* and *Penthouse*'s Holiday issues are worth \$1.75, yours is damn well worth \$2.25.

Larry D. Reynolds
Dodge City, Kansas

We agree, Larry, and it's guys like you who have made HUSTLER so successful. We have contacted our distributor about getting you more copies.

Just a quick letter to let you know that HUSTLER at \$2.25 for the December and January issues is OUTRAGEOUS! Outrageous because it's well worth that price (and then some) to read the very best *each* month as is found in *OUR HUSTLER*.

The articles are very interesting and entertaining—fiction and non-fiction. All this and the
continued on page 68



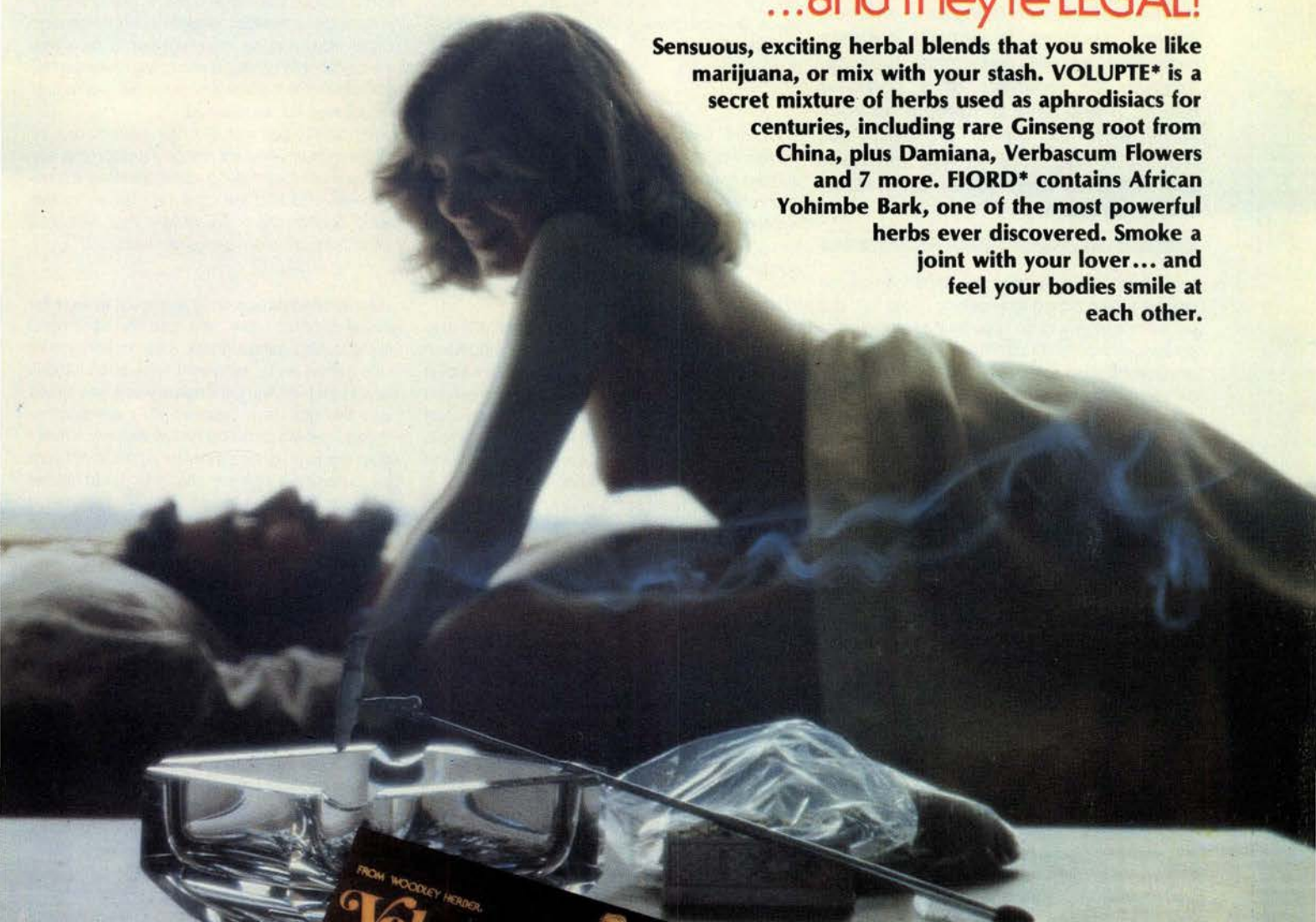
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ADVISE & CONSENT

Advise and Consent is a reader-oriented column designed to provide answers regarding sexual questions, fetishes, hangups or problems of a personal nature. If you have something on your mind, write us. Direct all letters to: HUSTLER Magazine, Advise and Consent Editor, 36 West Gay Street, Columbus, Ohio 43215.

My wife complains that she finds intercourse painful. I have a hard time getting it into her. But once I'm in, she is loose enough; it's just the initial entering which is difficult. She says it gives her an uncomfortable burning sensation. What can we do about this problem?

Jack R.
Miami, Fla.

Your problem is a lack of proper lubrication. Some sex manuals will tell you that a woman lubricates naturally when she is ready for sex. While a few women do lubricate, most don't, or at least they don't until intercourse is under way, and then it's too late to help get it in. In most cases, some form of additional lubrication is required.

The best lubricant is KY Jelly, which comes in a tube and can be purchased in any drugstore. It produces a great slippery effect, and is water soluble so that it mixes well with saliva and washes off easily.

Applied generously to your penis and around the lips of her vagina, it greatly aids in entry. The only disadvantage of KY Jelly is that it has a mild medicinal odor. If you are a "do-it-yourselfer," you might try mixing it with some oil of essence to produce an odor you like.

Also good as a lubricant for sex are oils sold specifically for that purpose. Kama Sutra oil is the best known, and it comes in a variety of flavors. Another outstanding product is our own Doc Johnson's Fruit Flavored Lubricant (listed in the Probe Catalog).

You also might try any of the large variety of creams and hand lotions available in most drugstores. Creams and jellies tend to produce a cooling sensation when used while fucking; the oils tend to produce a warm sensation.

In a pinch you can always use saliva for lubrication. It's not quite as good as the jellies and creams, and you have to get in before it dries or you will stick worse than ever.

Recently I got a call from an old girl friend. She was staying in a country house on the shore and wanted to know if I would like to see her for the

weekend. I said yes, and drove out. When I got there it became evident that she had sex on her mind, and sure enough, we ended up making it on the beach that night and again in bed the next day.

After we had made it on the beach she told me that she had a confession to make. She said she was very much involved with her current boyfriend, but that he was lousy in bed. She had wanted to see me just for the sex because she was so horny from his not being able to satisfy her. I didn't know what to think about this, and still don't. Do you think I should have stayed the weekend?

Ron H.
Trenton, N.J.

We see nothing wrong with making it with a woman who just wants sex, provided you like her and are having a good time. After all, haven't you ever made it with a woman just because you wanted sex? You should be flattered that she thought of you in her hour of need. It is a compliment to your lovemaking.

My boyfriend has a rather large cock and also a propensity for extremely heavy pounding when we fuck. Sometimes I think he thinks I have a cast iron bush, and even then he's trying to break it. I enjoy sex with him; in fact, being pounded for half an hour can send me out of this world, but there is hell to pay later when I walk around sore, inside and out, for the next two days.

Can you suggest some way I can enjoy great sex without having to suffer later? I wouldn't want to give up being pounded like that—I just need some way to keep from getting sore.

Margaret L.
Bangor, Me.

You're lucky to have a boyfriend who can keep it up at such a heavy pace for half an hour. As for your problem, you will probably find a solution by experimenting with various positions. For example, if you fuck with him on top, your legs wide open, his hip bones can come down and strike the insides of your thighs. An alternative position is to keep your legs together and put both of them on one of his shoulders. That way the fleshy padding of your buttocks will insulate you against his impact. This position can also keep him from getting too deeply into you so you don't get as sore inside.

If you use the "doggie position," with you on your hands and knees, and him entering from behind, you may find that he reaches too deeply into you, which can be painful. An alternative is for you to lie flat on your stomach with your legs together. He can pull the cheeks of your buttocks apart with his hands, placing his knees outside of your thighs and leaning down into you. This position should greatly decrease the depth of his cock inside you, and again will put your soft behind between you and his hip bones. Try other positions on your own and let us know which works best.

I have been married for three years and all this time I have had a burning desire to masturbate in front of my wife while we are making love. I have

been afraid to do it because she might think it is weird. In fact, I'm not sure it isn't weird. I'm also worried about where it will leave my wife. If I masturbate and come, then she is going to be left unsatisfied. What should I do?

Harold M.
Chicago, Ill.

There is nothing weird about wanting to masturbate in front of your wife while making love. After all, if you are going to maintain any variety in your sex life, you will probably want to try something besides straight intercourse, and mutual masturbation may turn out to be a real turn-on for both of you. If she masturbates at the same time it will solve any possible problem of your leaving her unsatisfied.

We come to bed with all kinds of needs, moods and feelings on different nights. The more variety there is in our lovemaking, the more likely it is we will be able to find the right expression for the feeling of that night. Try to talk your wife into mutual masturbation, and good luck!

I have been turned on to a woman at work for several months now. We usually sit around talking during coffee break, and I'm pretty sure she's turned on to me also. I have been happily married for five years, though my wife has hinted that if I would like to have an affair with another woman, it would probably be OK with her. While I would like to go to bed with Mary, I'm still not sure how to handle it with my wife, whether to tell her before or after. If it would greatly upset her, I would just as soon skip the whole thing. We have a great marriage, and I wouldn't want to jeopardize it. Where should I go from here?

Harold R.
Baltimore, Md.

We would definitely suggest that you don't do anything without talking to your wife first. She may feel that it would be OK for you to have sex with another woman, but she probably would not want to find out after the fact. What might be interesting for you to try, if both women are willing, is to go to bed with both women at one time. As far out as this may seem, both women may prefer to do it that way. The benefit to your wife is that she can give you your freedom and be there while you're enjoying it. And she can, at the same time, get into a sexy situation herself. The benefit to Mary is that she gets to go to bed with you without being a home wrecker. The benefit to you is obvious—you get to go to bed with two women at once.

We actually know many couples who have taken another woman to bed with them, and it has worked out very well. You should bring it up with your wife first. You might start just by telling her that you are turned on by Mary. If she has suggested, in the past, that you should have affairs, she might suggest that you have one with Mary. Don't say anything for a couple of days, then comment that you would like to bring Mary home so you both can go to bed with her. Don't press your wife for an answer. Give her a week or so. She might get back to you with, "I've been thinking about what you said about Mary. Why don't you ask her over for dinner on Friday. If anything happens, it will be OK by me."

(continued)

HUSTLER

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Don't tell Mary what you have in mind. Just invite her over for dinner. Let the course of the evening take care of itself. If there are enough warm vibrations all around, you just might end up in bed with two women.

The other night, in the middle of passionate lovemaking, my girl friend asked me if I wanted a rim job. I didn't know what a rim job was, and wasn't sure what I was getting into, so I said no. Was I missing something I ought to know about?

Harry C.
Portland, Ore.

Whether or not you are missing out on something you ought to know about is a matter of your personal preference. A rim job is when your partner runs her tongue around and into your asshole, something many people definitely find enjoyable. Many people don't like to do it, however, so you are lucky if your girl friend's offer still stands. If you are into that kind of thing, a good rim job can send you through the roof.

In consideration for your girl friend, and in the interest of good health, it is necessary that you get your asshole completely clean before she gets her tongue into it. A good working around in the area with soap and water while showering is recommended. Insert your finger and clean inside as well. You might also keep pre-moistened towelettes in foil envelopes (the kind they give you after eating lobster in a restaurant) by the bed. They are handy for any last minute cleaning up before getting into each other's assholes.

My wife and I have been married for three years, during which time we have had an OK sex life until a year ago, when I started not to be able to get it up. I have gotten more and more uptight about this, and now can't get it up with my wife at all. Once in a while I pick up a woman at a bar and we get it on together. I can usually get it up with her, but the sex is not very satisfying, and I don't like the idea of cheating on my wife.

My wife has been very understanding about the whole thing and we are now going to a sex clinic. The doctor at the clinic says that these kinds of things happen, and that with patience and treatment things will probably clear up. In the meantime, is there anything you can suggest?

Andy R.
New Mexico

Best of luck with the sex clinic. We think you made the right move by going to one. The kind of treatment now available has helped many people. While we can't comment on what might have caused your problem or what could cure it without knowing you, we do have some advice for what to do in the meantime.

There is a lot of fun to be had in bed with a limp prick. Have your wife take it in her mouth and roll it with her tongue. Many women actually prefer sucking a prick while it is limp. It fits better, and is easier to play with. You can, of course, make her come with your mouth, hand or a vibrator, and the two of you can play with each of your bodies, including your limp prick. There is a lot more to

continued on page 100

Reach New Heights of Pleasure With THE LOVE-SEX RING



Displayed above is over \$150,000 worth of rare and precious gems. High-quality gems like these can become your personal and elegant jewelry, mounted in the new Love-Sex Ring (patent pending), available in either Astro-Gold or Astro-Silver.

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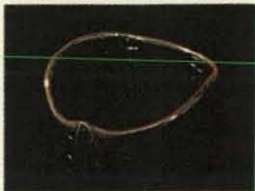
Rings are available in large, medium and small. The average person requires a medium fit. If, however, the Love-Sex Ring causes discomfort (too small), or is too loose (too large), return it within 10 days of receipt and it will be re-sized. Please include \$1.50 to cover cost of postage and handling.

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NOTE: The Love-Sex Ring is not recommended for wearing over an extended period of time. The user accepts full responsibility for proper use of the Love-Sex Ring. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

BITS & PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

(This month's Asshole Award is being presented by Sid Stern, one of the country's largest magazine wholesalers. Sid is also—to use his own words—“one of the early wholesale distributors to recognize the salability of HUSTLER.” It is in large part due to the efforts of men like him that HUSTLER is the success it is today.)

Larry Flynt—come on down! You've been sitting back, calling other people assholes for far too long.... Now it's your turn in the barrel, your turn to take a slide down the HUSTLER Turd Tunnel, because this month, Larry Flynt, you are the Asshole of the Month!

In your December issue Publisher's Statement, you had

the brass-bound gall to call some of my friends and associates in the magazine retail business “cocksuckers,” simply due to the fact that they wouldn't carry your sleazy raunch rag.

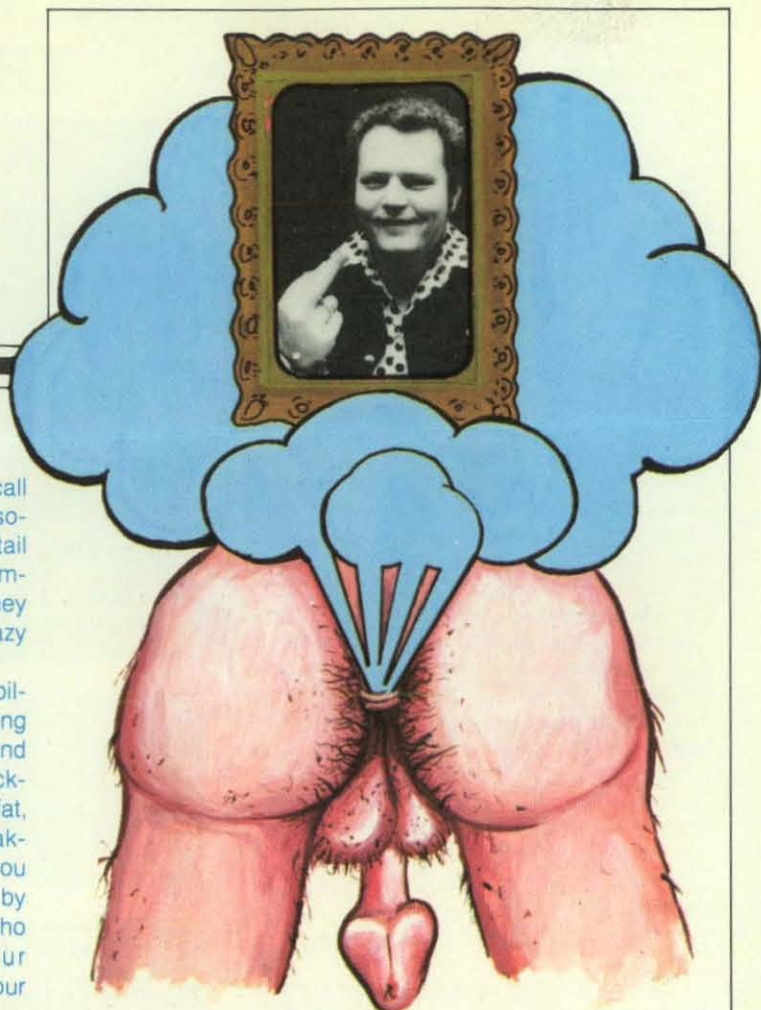
Why you bird-brained hillbilly, where do you get off calling these good family men and honest merchants “cocksuckers”? If you weren't such a fat, simple-minded schmuck, making only \$200 a week, you might have realized that by putting down the guys who could be peddling your magazine, you are cutting your own throat.

You told your readers to “buy their six-packs someplace else” if the retailers wouldn't

stock HUSTLER. Well, speaking for my retailers, they'd love to shove a truckload of busted

beer bottles up your raunchy rectum. Sideways!

Sid Stern



WHATEVER HAPPENED TO LINDA LOVELACE?

“Hey, Linda Lovelace—star of stage, screen and animal shelters—how's your love life?” That's the question everybody's just dyin' to know. And from the way ol' Rover here is giving Linda the best of his bone, it looks like it's been going to the dogs. This is a single frame from Linda's vintage bestiality film, *Dog Fucker*, whose rumored existence Linda has frantically denied for years, apparently concerned that it would damage her chances for the “legitimate” acting career she was pursuing after her sucking success in *Deep Throat*. But the wide underground circulation of prints and stills (such as this

one, shown here “above-ground” for the first time) from *Dog Fucker* has damaged Linda's credibility and dogged her efforts to assume the role of “Great Dame” actress.

Lately we and our readers had been wondering just what had become of Linda. She's been about as accessible as Howard Hughes for the past couple of years, and rumor has it that Hefner has been keeping her under wraps at his L.A. mansion, giving head to favored *Playboy* advertisers. We don't know whether these rumors, like those of her celluloid dog-fucking escapades, will prove true, but our efforts to contact her to find out have

been blocked by Larry Marciano, who claims to be her agent but seems unable to convince her to return any phone calls.

At any rate, we're happy to

provide visual proof here that Linda's many hard-core fans have no cause to worry about her welfare. Judging by her sparkling smile, we'd say she's definitely on the Gravy Train.



SHIT TO BE TIED

If you've ever had the urge to let it all hang out—to tell the world exactly how you feel—and to hell with public opinion, then you'll know what we mean when we say that exhibitionism is coming out of the closet, at last. Public exposure is more than just a flash in the pan. It's on the rise, and stepping out into the open more and more each day. But, you need not go all the way at first and start stripping to the skin on the corner of First and Main. In fact, if you are really clever, you can ease into it, like the irrepressible young man pictured here was able to do. He and his clam-chomping cutie were recently crowned King and Queen of the first annual

Oyster Festival in Milford, Connecticut. But what the *Bridgeport Sunday Post* didn't realize when it ran this photo on the front page was that a

sideways glance at the fancy scribbles on the King's well-hung necktie revealed a subtle bit of profanity which the uninhibited monarch had slipped

past the censor. The choker joker didn't say whether his "gag" was a comment on the contest, the Queen, or the oysters.



RAT'S NEST PUSSY

Things have gotten so tight in crisis-ridden New York City that the citizens are saving grocery money by boiling alley cats in the family stewpot. This, of course, is causing an increase in the number of rats and mice in the city, and everybody knows how tough they are to catch. One chick we know has solved the problem in such a way that *could* ultimately end the entire city's financial woes. What she has done is to perfect a nice mice-attracting substance, made from quantities of "head-cheese" that have been stored in her cunt for 24 hours or

more. The stuff is so potent that the furry little fuckers come running right out of their holes—and up to hers. Where they are instantly beaten to death with a ball-peen hammer. For this service, the "Hair Pie-d Piper" charges a negligible fee, but then she goes one step further and peddles her rodent treasures to the fast-food chains, which quickly turn them into crunchy, delicious ratburgers.

Looks like Ben Franklin was right when he said, "If you build a better mousetrap, the 'hole' world will beat a path to your door."



WOMAN BACKS INTO DAMAGES

Oakland, Calif.—A jury has awarded \$4,300 in damages to a woman whose buttocks became lodged in a bus emergency exit window and were exposed to public view for a relatively prolonged length of time.

Eula Wright, 47, Berkeley, Calif., said that she was using the bus restroom when the vehicle swerved, throwing her against the dark-tinted emergency window in the restroom. The window popped out and her buttocks were thrust outside the bus and became lodged in the window frame. Mrs. Wright said it took several minutes to extricate her, and the embarrassment of having her buttocks publicly protruding from the window caused her to suffer an emotional upset.

Apparently able to visualize themselves in the same predicament, a jury of six men and six women voted 11-1 in Mrs. Wright's favor.



HOLE-Y SHIT FIT

Here's one stud who is really getting the shitty end of his stick. Butt-fucking is sweeping America as the newest sexual kick, but well-hung guys are finding it hard to get in their lady's tight back door without inadvertently ripping her a new asshole. Unfortunately, it seems the only time her yearning anal orifice is loose enough to accommodate the intrusion

is when there's a load in her pooper—which makes humping somewhat less than super, as this fellow found out. The dilemma is compounded whenever the lady's beautiful bung-hole sports a grapevine cluster of runny hemorrhoids. It's hardly piles of fun, but there's no stopping some sexual adventurers in quest of a truly unique experience.

MOST TASTELESS CARTOON



WHO HEFNER?

Those of you interested in men's magazines are sure to want to read Ballantine Books' hottest new paperback release, *Hefner: An Unauthorized Biography*, a no-holds-barred profile of *Playboy* king Hugh Hefner. The book, complete with fold-out cover, is written by ex-*Playboy* insider Frank Brady, who, under his mantle of "Unauthorized Biographer," is free to reveal all of the hidden, seamy aspects of Hefner's "swinger" image. So, what sort of man does publish *Playboy*, according to Brady? Answer: a man with a penchant for bestiality, as well as a man who has indulged in a brief homosexual love affair and a not-so-brief addiction to "speed." No doubt about it, this gossipy bio goes to the very limits of the libel laws and is the kind of juicy exposé that keeps the paperback racks spinning for months. So, trot on down to your local purveyor of soft-core softcovers and latch on to a copy of *Hefner* if you want to bone up on what used to be happening in the history of men's magazines. Then, come on back to *HUSTLER*, to see what's happening now.

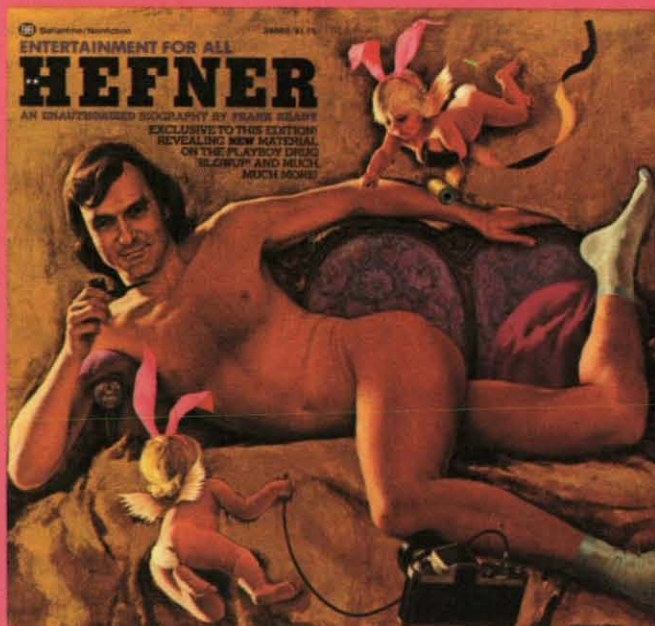


E. L. JOHNS

MASTERS AND JOHNSON'S NEW TRADEMARK

What with all the interviews, reviews and general comments solicited from these two nimble-minded sex authorities, it is clearly time for them to incorporate. Since gaining fame, the noted "reproductive biology" researcher and his wife/assistant have participated in more than a dozen interviews, over one hundred lectures, and literally thousands of "general discussions" on good old sex.

But what are they *really* like when the sheets are pulled down and the lights are low? Perhaps this clever symbol gives an indication of Bill and Virginia's innermost attitudes concerning *Human Sexual Response*.



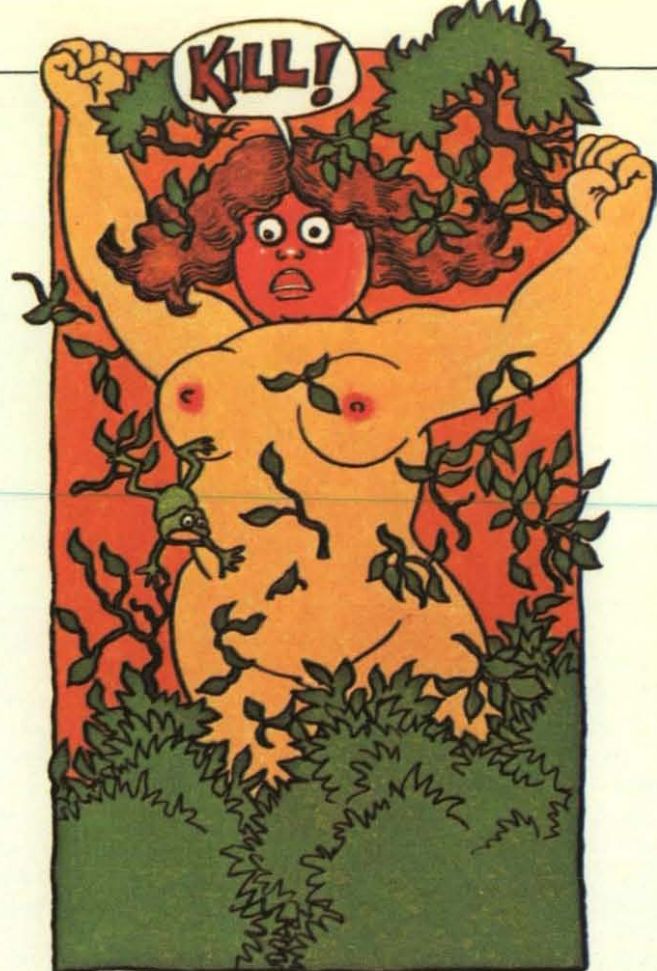
FOOT-FONDLING FELON

What first appeared to be a case for HUSTLER detectives Sherlock Homo and Dr. Twatson, turned out to be a corny problem for Dr. Scholl, instead. According to the Associated Press, the women of San Antonio, Texas, have been scurrying home hours before dusk and locking themselves in, terrified of the dread "Foot Fondler," a sole-ful bandit with a taste for toes and a hatred for footwear, who has made that area his stomping ground. It seems the Fondler's *modus operandi* is to lunge out of the bushes and knock his female victim to the turf, whereupon he rips her shoes off, kisses her

feet, and then runs away through the darkened streets laughing maniacally.

One San Antonio tootsie tried to give the pesky podophile a sock in the mouth, but she lost her footing and wound up with her ass in the grass and her paw in his jaw—just as he had planned. By the time the police stepped in, the heel had danced away, leaving his hapless victim thoroughly sandalized.

Though the San Antonio sneaker may be one of the most callous criminals on the hoof, he's certainly no loafer, for at last report the arch fiend was still afoot.



© DANA CRUMB ASSOCIATES 1975

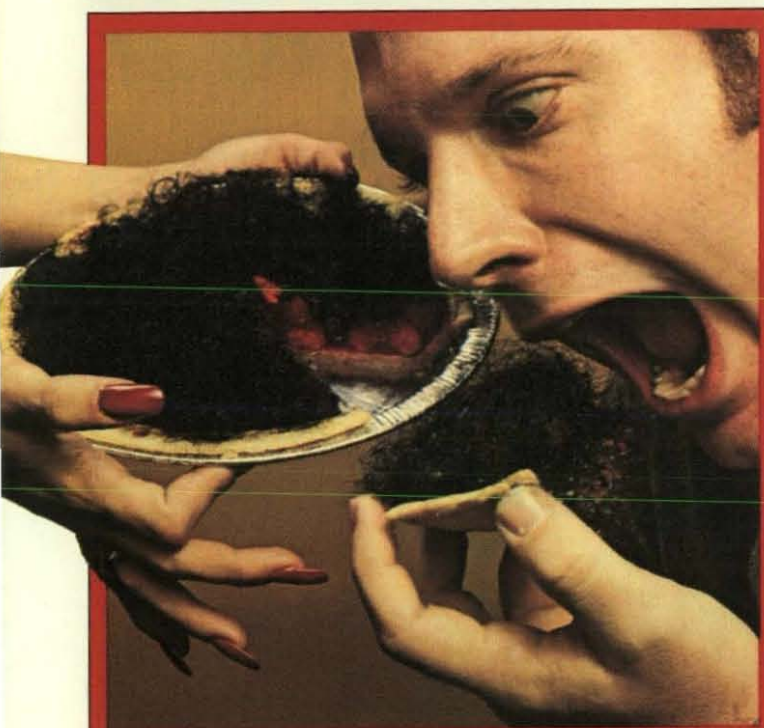
EAT A FROG TONIGHT!

When Zap Comix creator Robert Crumb was a 19-year-old virgin "in the throes of horny passion," he drew a little erotic fairy tale about a hung-up toad named Ogden. Loosely based on children's stories like "The Frog Princess" and "Jack and the Beanstalk," Crumb gave his creation, *The Yum Yum Book*, to his first sweetheart, Dana, as a token of his love.

Dana kept this comic story with some of Crumb's early sketchbooks for over a decade. Drawn in that rough, friendly style familiar to readers of *Fritz the Cat*, *The Yum Yum Book* tells the story of Ogden's love for a human girl named Guntra, who thinks of toads only when she gets hungry.

She thinks of everything else as food, too, and in one perilous sequence, Guntra eats up everyone in town but Oggie, who happened to be in the basement of the jail at the time.

The Yum Yum Book is for adults, or for the child still alive in all adults, but it's likely most hip seventies' children will enjoy reading these adventures of a lovesick little green toad and one of those big, bosomy girls Crumb loves to draw. A hardbound copy sells for \$6.95, but it's printed on vellum in full color, which means it will be around a lot longer than the pulp-paper Zap Comix. Order from Scrimshaw Press, 149 Ninth St., San Francisco, California 94103.



HAIR PIE LOVE STORY

This crusty cut-up took it upon himself one day to snatch a piece of his girl friend, Sarah Lou's, ever-sweetening sugar pie. "I'm going to eat you, now," he whispered to the succulent morsel.

"Do it," she breathlessly urged. "I love to have my cherry chomped!"

Without a moment's hesitation, Little Jack Horny gobbled the triangle of love which

she offered.

"More..." she moaned, as her red juices oozed between his teeth and dribbled down his quivering chin. "Don't worry about being neat.... Use your hand!"

Throwing caution to the wind, he plunged his fingers deep into the hot, moist insides and followed them with his hungry, searching tongue.

"Ooooh, that's good," he

groaned huskily. "Now give me a fork like I've never had before." Within seconds, she granted his request and the two of them were swept away in a slurping swirl of ecstasy.

When it was over and he was

satisfied, he lay back and lit a cigarette.

"How was it?" she asked coyly.

"Tasty," he burped. "But then, nobody doesn't like a Sarah Lou."

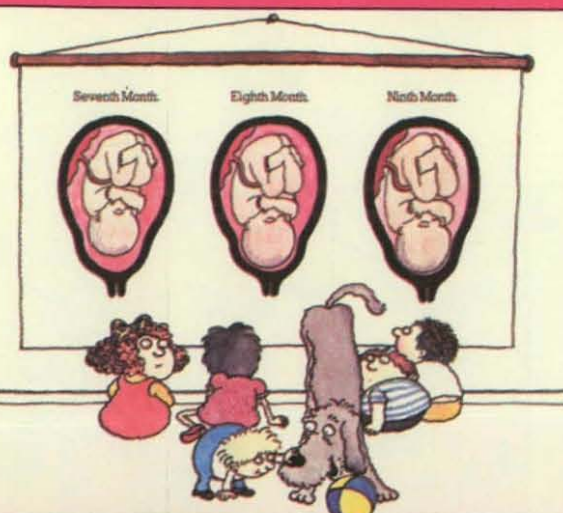
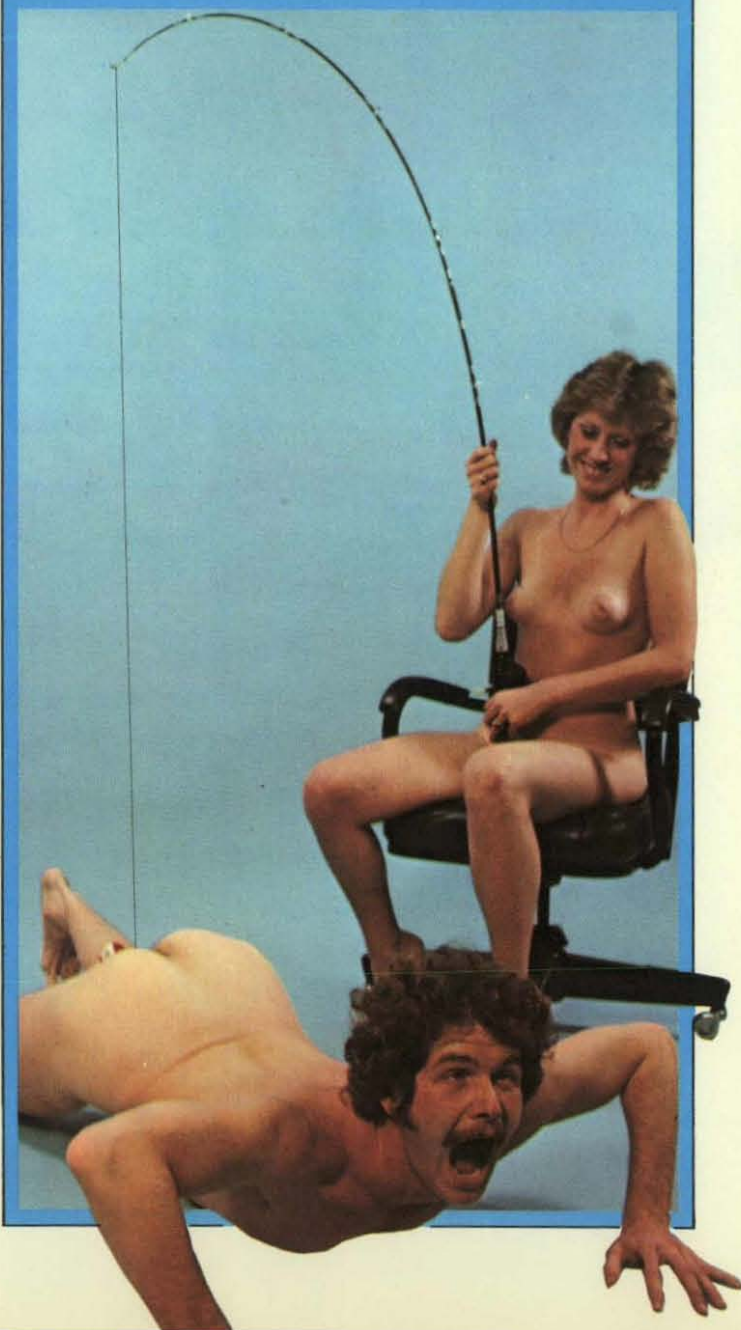
THE HOOKER

HUSTLER's oft-impressionistic and seldom-sober photographer, D.R. Goff, presents his visual statement on modern matrimony: A young man peacefully swims through the ocean of Life, carefree and happy as a dolphin, until the day when he chances to meet a choice female morsel with Starkist in her eyes. Cleverly he leaps above the waves, in hopes of capturing her fancy for immoral porpoises. Little does he know that she is baiting her hook with her own octo-pussy, scheming to snag him by the balls.

At first, our herringboned hero only nudges and nibbles.

Then, like a greased eel, he takes the bait and swims off with it, blissfully assuming that there are no strings attached. But, when the line is played out and the finny fellow is exhausted, the sweet little angler yanks it taut—*Thwanggg!*

If he's unlucky, our strung-out sailfish is hung upside down before the cameras and then stuffed and mounted, glassy-eyed, in his deep-sea doxy's dusty den. But if he's a cagey old crawdaddy, he eats the bait, slips the hook, and swims back to freedom, leaving his Chicken of the Sea forlornly telling tales about the length of the one that got away.



SHOW & TELL

After leafing through the pages of "Where Did I Come From?" (a sex-education book for children ages 8 to 12) you'll have to concur with the cover blurb: "The facts of life without any nonsense and with illustrations." While this comical testament would fail to receive even a one-quarter erect status on the HUSTLER Rating Guide, it nevertheless is one of the most clever and witty "sex manuals" we've seen in many a moon. Entertainingly written by Peter Mayle and humorously illustrated with the cartoons of Arthur Robins, this little text has become so popular that it is currently going through its fifth printing in two years.

Beginning by casting out all

those old myths and lies ("Daddy got me from the saloon," and "I was a Christmas present from the fairies") the book progresses with a more constructive explanation, step-by-step, answering the question, "Where did I come from?" Since there is really only one answer to this stimulating inquiry, it is surprising that a children's book like this one wasn't published long ago—yet far be it from us to spoil the mystery by giving away the ending. If you want to know how it all "comes out," you'll have to pick up your own copy at your local bookstore or order (\$5.95) from Lyle Stuart Inc., 120 Enterprise Avenue, Secaucus, New Jersey 07094.

CAMP-PAIN IN THE ASS

HUSTLER's vote for the "cunts who should be beaten every hour like a gong" goes to the members of Citizens Against Massage Parlors (CAMP), in Fremont, California. This group, composed primarily of hysterical hausfraus, took it upon themselves to publicly exhibit, on a big sign by the highway, the license plate numbers of men who frequent Fremont's massage parlors. Outraged and embarrassed parlor customers charged that the bird-brained bitches of CAMP—not satisfied with merely publicly humiliating them—went to the Department

of Motor Vehicles with the license plate numbers to get the owners' names in order to pester their wives.

Paradoxically, the "Snoop Sisters" of CAMP refused to divulge their own identities when asked by newsmen. Like all lynch mobs, they preferred to hide beneath the cloak of anonymity—the very thing their billboard tactics denied the massage parlor clients.

We hope the husbands of these festering females either chain them to their kitchen stoves, where they belong, or give them a much-needed fucking.

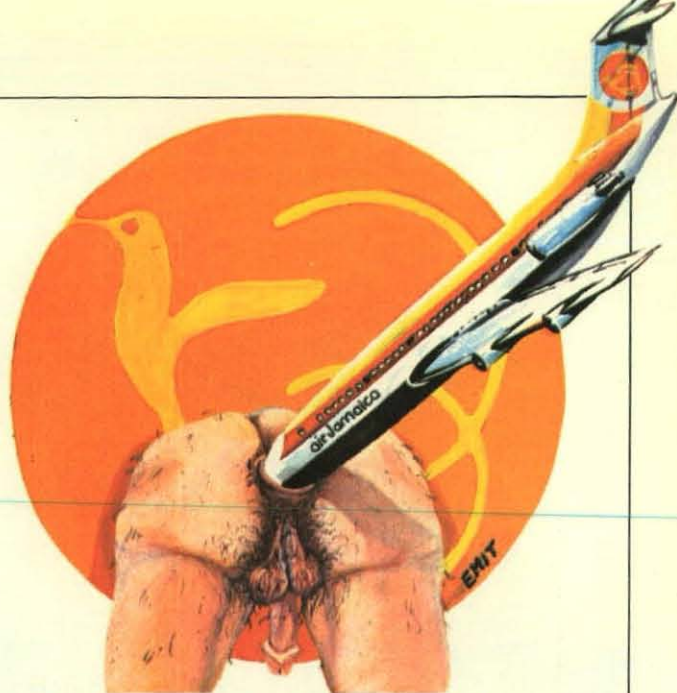
GIVING U.S. THE (LOVE) BIRD

One sure way to fuck up your country is to clog the flow of incoming money. If you're an island republic like Jamaica, "incoming money" means tourists, and the national airline, Air Jamaica, is the "clog" in question. Being a beautiful, tropical vacation spot which is relatively close to the U.S., Jamaica has always been an attractive travel bargain for Americans, but lately the airway assholes of Air Jamaica have been using every trick in the book to hassle, delay, and otherwise discourage visitors from the States. The continuous cycle of "lost reservation" claims (to cover up for over-booked flights) and "pay-your-own-overnight-hotel-bill" rip-offs by Air Jamaica even has the local island residents in an embarrassed uproar. One

Jamaican was so disgusted he claimed Air Jamaica's callous con tricks and indifferent attitude reflected back on the country as a whole and left American tourists with the angry impression that they'd been "taken" even before stepping foot on Jamaican soil.

It seems like the Air Jamaica "Love Bird" (as they call their flights) is shitting in its own nest, which is too bad for us Americans who have enjoyed Jamaica's incomparable sun, surf and sand, and too bad for the Jamaicans who have enjoyed our American dollars.

Without question, Air Jamaica is such a classic piece of waste that if our Editor and Publisher hadn't already been named "Asshole of the Month" for March, this "fly-by-night" airline would have flown non-



stop up the creamy anal runway. We strongly suggest if you are planning a future trip to

Jamaica that you fly any airline other than Air Jamaica whenever possible.



PEOPLE WHO FUCK PEOPLE ARE THE LUCKIEST PEOPLE...

These aged porno movie shots show that Barbra Streisand is

the latest in a long line of Hollywood Heavyweights who are reputed to have made hard-core fuck 'n' suck films back in their lean years, before they were touched by stardom. Marilyn Monroe and Chuck Connors were earlier examples of show biz superstars who—like Barbra—were haunted by the reemergence of vintage fuck flicks featuring performers who bore a surprising resemblance to them. And if the porno princess seen lustily tonguing the "skin flute" in this prurient production *ain't* Barbra, then her unique Streisand-style beak and sloe eyes qualify her to win *Esquire's* "Look-Alike Contest."

Should Streisand's next movie be titled *Raunchy Lady*? Or perhaps *They Ball Me Barbra*? Only "The Nose" knows for sure, but you can judge for yourself by ordering this controversial film (for \$19.95) from Manor Data Systems, Inc., 51 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017. And if you *really* want to double your pleasure, try using one of Streisand's funky albums as a soundtrack. *HUSTLER* recommends "The Way We Were."

SORRY, RIGHT NUMBER

"Operator? This is an emergency. Get me the police, and hurry."

"Sir, what type of crisis are you having?"

"Look, Lady, just connect me with the police. Hurry."

"Certainly. As a public service, 'Ma' Bell is now providing customers with our new 'Emergency Hotline Filtration Pre-emptive Strikeback Information and Guidance Service.' Are you being raped?"

"Hell, no. Look, I'm a man. Aren't you listening?"

"Fine. Thank you. Now you're sure you don't need the Fire Department? Many people who ask for the police really want the Fire Department. As a matter of fact, 'Ma' Bell has determined that 14.03 percent of those calls directed to the Police Department are misdirected Fire Department calls. And that 17.91 percent of those misdirections are due to confusion in the public's mind with regards to..."

"Jesus, Lady!"

"Fine. Thank you. The Pentacostal Church of Latter Day Jesus Christ's Worshipping Yahweh the Indifferent has installed a 'Conversation Line.'

That number is ..."

"Dammit."

"Fine. Thank you. The Voice-That-Soothes can be reached at ..."

"I just want the cops. The goddam cops. You hear? Cops."

"Copping out? And you wish to be reunited with your loved ones?"

"No! Right now some crazy hopped-up weirdo is ..."

"Into drugs? Your Drug Crisis Control and Minimizer Centrex number can put you on to a recovered addict of the drug, or drugs, of your choice. That number is ..."

"Oh Lord, I need a drink."

"Alcoholics Anonymous can be reached anytime, day or night, at ..."

"Get fucked ..."

"Gay Lib offers ..."

"This is sickening."

"Vomiters are helped at ..."

"Stop! That's it. It's all over! Look, Lady, tell 'Ma' Bell while you were gabbing some weirdo broke in, stripped my pad, and took the clothes off my back—wallet, credit cards and all."

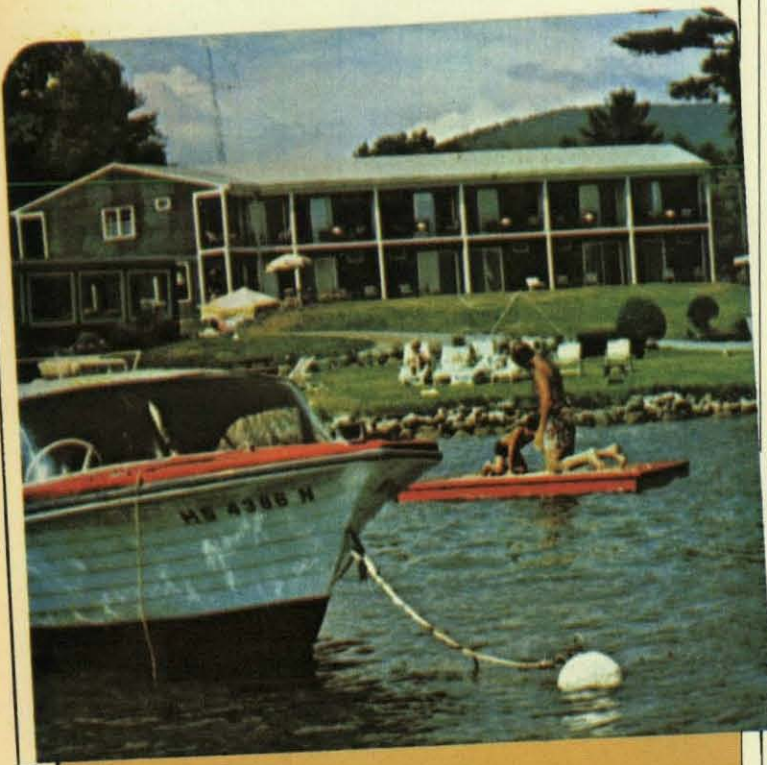
"Naked and alone? The Salvation Army Wants You. Touch those who care at ..."

Click.

Staffordshire Inn



CENTER HARBOR, N.H.



BLOWING AN ACCOUNT

Once again, HUSTLER's alert and perverted readers have spotted one of those optical bloopers that explain the high turnover of Art Directors in the advertising game. Recently it was the cock-dangling underwear model in the Sears catalog; this time out it's the apparent cock-sucking vacationer in a promotional brochure from the Staffordshire Inn near Center Harbor, New Hampshire.

The ad copy in this brochure inadvertently goes along with the gag, gushing enthusi-

astically that "complete staff services are available to make your stay more relaxing and enjoyable." Ah, yes. Nothing better than a relaxing and enjoyable knob job in the sylvan beauty of the New Hampshire woods. We'd like to have been a fly on the wall when the Staffordshire Inn management got their first good look at *this* baby.

Keep your eye out for boners like this one. The reader who sent it to us won himself a crisp new \$50 bill for his salacious vigilance, and so can you.

DIARRHEA DINNER

Here's the latest recommendation from the award-winning kitchens of Youall Gibbons (author of *Stalking the Wild Turd*): Go back to nature with the ultimate in organic health food. It has a taste like wild hickory nuts, and it's finger-lickin' good, according to known devotees. Americans in ever-increasing numbers are rejecting the plastic, pre-

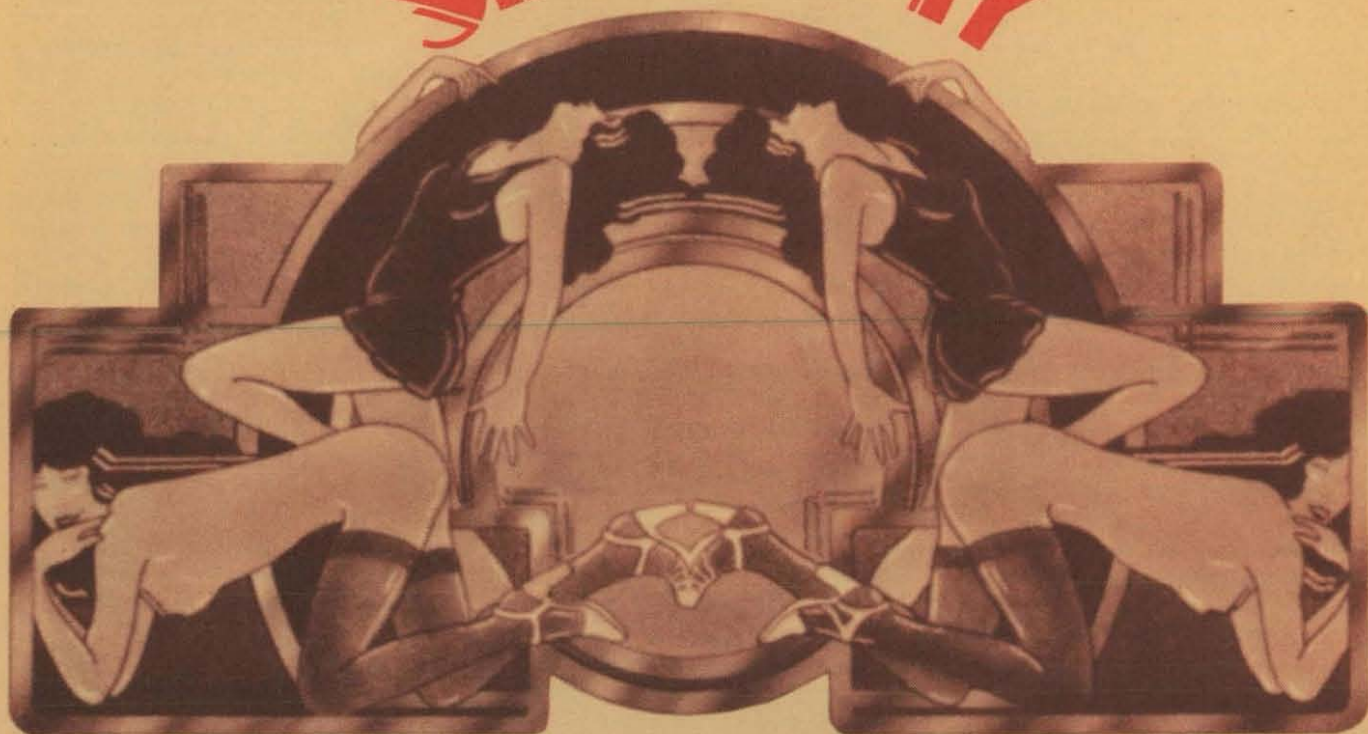
packaged cardboard that passes for ready-to-eat food nowadays, in favor of a culinary art that's centuries old and still has the personal touch only *you* can provide. It's also an excellent way to recycle peanuts and kernels of corn. So, if you're tired of eating the same old Heat 'n' Serve, Shake 'n' Bake shit, try the real thing for a change.



If you have Bits & Pieces of interesting or unusual information, pass them along to HUSTLER. We pay \$50 on publication for pictures, news items, quips, and short, short stories. All submissions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Our thanks (and \$50 apiece) to the following readers, for contributing to this month's Bits & Pieces: Everett Johns, Richard Campos, Clay Geerdes, Ted Beardshear, Herm Albright, Michael Prater.

SEX PLAY



Women's Orgasms

HUSTLER invites you, the reader, to travel with us through the exciting, erotic realm of human sexual pleasures. For far too long a time, these pleasures have remained hidden behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy in the guise of respectability. This series, the tenth part of which is presented below, is prepared especially for HUSTLER. It is designed to help the Hustler give his woman the rare sexual excitement and satisfaction in sexual relations that make every experience an important one and keep her asking for more. It should help you and your lover reach greater heights than either of you ever thought possible. And it will make you, Hustler, better equipped than ever to turn her on.

by John Farr

Certainly one of the most rewarding parts of lovemaking, for both women and men, must be a woman's orgasm. When you are making love to a woman and you feel her body stiffen, her breathing quicken and her abdomen harden, that is a sure sign that she is beginning to come. When she does come, her orgasm can vary from an almost imperceptible tremor to a violent convulsive release. The violent convulsive release is, of course, more fun, although it can also be a bit awe-inspiring.

There are several problems with women's orgasms, the first and most important being that they frequently don't happen. Many women either don't have orgasms or simply fake them. The primary

reason for this large number of non-orgasmic women is not, as many psychologists and psychiatrists would have us believe, that there is something wrong with these women. The problem is, more often than not, ignorance on the part of both men and women as to how a woman achieves orgasm, or rather, the different ways in which different women come.

Several years ago Masters and Johnson, the country's foremost sex researchers, stated that there is only one kind of female orgasm. But the point is that different women achieve this one kind of orgasm in many different ways. Some women come from just plain fucking. You get in there, start moving in and out, and BINGO, sooner than you had expected they are into a

series of orgasms. This type is, however, extremely rare. Other women come from fucking but only if there has been a lot of foreplay to work them up to it. Still others come from fucking but only if it is vigorous and sustained—good hard pounding, often more pounding than most of us can deliver.

More often, however, a woman will not come unless there is some kind of stimulation of her clitoris. This stimulation might be indirect, such as the rubbing of your body against hers while fucking; or it might be direct, such as stimulating her with your hand.

A few women have very particular requirements. One woman I know comes with a man only if he is eating her, and comes by herself only in the bathtub with

her body pulled up under the faucet so that the warm water runs between her legs onto her genitals. A few women are exceptionally versatile. Some can come from having their breasts stimulated or from anal intercourse, and one woman I know can come from simple fantasizing. While standing in line in the supermarket she can put her mind to work, and within two minutes have an orgasm right there without even moving.

Besides the different kinds of physical stimulation which lead women to orgasms, there is also the mental realm to think about. Most women find it important to fully relax before they can come, and some will not come with a particular man until they are completely comfortable with him. Fantasies can also be important. Many women enjoy sex most when they are imagining themselves being seduced in faraway places and bizarre situations.

OK, so now we know that women come in different ways. What does that mean you are supposed to do the next time you are in bed with a woman? Of course, that depends on a lot of things, like whether or not it's someone you know, but there are some generalizations we can give you, just for starters.

Most important in helping a woman come is making her comfortable. In fact, it can't hurt to get comfortable enough to ask her how she most enjoys reaching orgasm. If she answers that she doesn't reach orgasm, you are in a position to be able to do something for her that others have failed to do.

Always keep in mind that a woman's timing is usually different from a man's. Women take a longer time to build up to a climax. If you immediately start fucking without any build-up, she might not respond at all. So take your time, and warm her up slowly. When you get to her genitals, be gentle with them. Caress them with your hands, and make her feel that they are special. Bring your mouth down between her legs and open her lips with your tongue. It is best to progress at just a little bit slower pace than she would like. This will keep her in a heated state of anticipation.

If you have determined that the woman you are with prefers to come by manual stimulation, you might try fucking awhile first so that she is excited. Then stimulate her. If you are applying your hand to her pleasure center, you might try doing so while your penis is inside her, so that she has double stimulation. With a little effort you can do this from a front or side position, or you can penetrate her from behind and reach around with your hand. In any case, be sure that you continually check with her to make sure that what you are doing is

turning her on. If you are stimulating her clitoris and doing it wrong, it can drive her up the wall.

One way to be sure that the clitoris is being properly stimulated is to let her do it herself. This can work well with you entering her from the top. She can then reach down between her legs to rub her clitoris herself. This stimulation is certain to be effective since she controls it.

If the woman you are with is a particularly resistant case, one who just can't seem to come no matter what, then the use of a vibrator is suggested. Any of several kinds may be used (see the February Sex Play column on sex toys), although plug-in models are preferable to battery-operated units because they have much more power. If you use a vibrator optimally, combining clitoral stimulation with fucking, almost any woman can be made to come. Of course, vibrators can also be a lot of fun for women who don't have trouble coming.

While fucking and orgasm can be a serious and profound part of the relationship between two people, it also can and should be a lot of fun. It should be possible for two people to get into bed with each other, or even run around the living room for that matter, and just have a great time playing with each other, not worrying about orgasms. In fact, *not worrying* about orgasms is one of the best ways to make them happen.

A man's anatomy is such that after one orgasm the system has to recharge, usually taking from twenty minutes to several hours before another orgasm is possible. A woman, on the other hand, is built so that after one orgasm, the next orgasm is actually easier. Many women are not aware of this, finding one enough and not wanting to try for a second or a third. However, a little gentle persuasion can lead to spectacular results. Not only are most women capable of multiple orgasms, often up to five, ten or more, but each orgasm gets *stronger* than the one before. After several orgasms, a woman may lie exhausted, thinking that she is completely drained, but with gentle stimulation you can quickly awaken the passion in her and bring her to a peak even higher than before.


THE PHILOSOPHER

Sometimes I think that everything I see does not exist. Because everything I see is what I saw. And everything that I saw does not exist.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

Vibrators are particularly recommended for the heavy-duty work of achieving multiple orgasms, since they can go on indefinitely, easily outlasting your penis, hand or tongue. Once a woman is laid out from a half-dozen or so orgasms, she is particularly susceptible to some good hard fucking. She will be completely relaxed inside, and ready for you to enter her.

What does it feel like when a woman comes? I guess there are as many different feelings as there are women. I can describe the way Ann, a woman whom I particularly like to make love to, orgasms. Ann is vaginally orgasmic, that is to say she can come from just straight fucking, but she also likes to try various other ways. When we are at a cocktail party and she wants to come, she moves over to me and presses against my side so that I can place my hand between her legs without anyone noticing. When she comes, she leans her head on my shoulder for a minute with her eyes closed. Then she opens them, smiles, and goes back to wandering around and talking to people. In bed, she likes to be fucked in the ass, and particularly enjoys using a vibrator at the same time. But her favorite way of coming is from just plain fucking with heavy and hard pounding. After we have been rolling around for a while, I will get on top of her and open her legs up wide by putting my arms under her knees. Lifting her legs back, I can press my belly hard against hers as I begin to rhythmically drive into her. While I am thrusting, her body begins to soften and melt. All of her muscles relax, and her joints go limp. Her eyes close and she emits a low murmuring sound. Then, after a while, her breathing picks up and I start to thrust faster in response to it. A moan escapes her lips and I drive vigorously into her, flattening her legs back and pounding hard against the lower part of her belly.

All of a sudden her breath catches and becomes irregular. As I pound harder, her stomach becomes rigid and the upper part of her body lifts. Her eyes open with a wild, shifting, desperate look in them as she knows she is beginning to slip away into orgasm and is fighting between holding on or letting go. She lets go and her body turns into knots, as her breathing breaks up irregularly. She cries out as her body convulses into orgasm, her fingers gripping my back to pull herself hard against my body. When she is over the peak, well into orgasm, I let myself come and spill into her just as her vaginal muscles start to spasm. When it is over I collapse on top of her, pressing her into the bed. Neither of us moves, and we quickly drop off into a light sleep. When we awaken, if it is still early, we make love again. 

HUSTLER's X-Rated Reviews of Porno Films and Fuck Books are designed to fill you in and keep you up-to-date on the latest outpourings of the erotic entertainment industry. We try to be as accurate as possible, and our Hard-On Rating Guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. All movies we review can be seen at your local adult movie houses; all books are available from your local adult bookstore. (Moviegoers Beware. Many films are optically censored to suit local audiences. We suggest you check your theater before going, to ensure that your five bucks is buying the real thing.)

RATING GUIDE

ERECTION!

If this doesn't get it up, you're probably dead. Almost a constant turn-on.

HALF-ERECT

Slightly worthwhile. Probably get it up on your own.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Might get it up if you use a crane.

TOTALLY LIMP

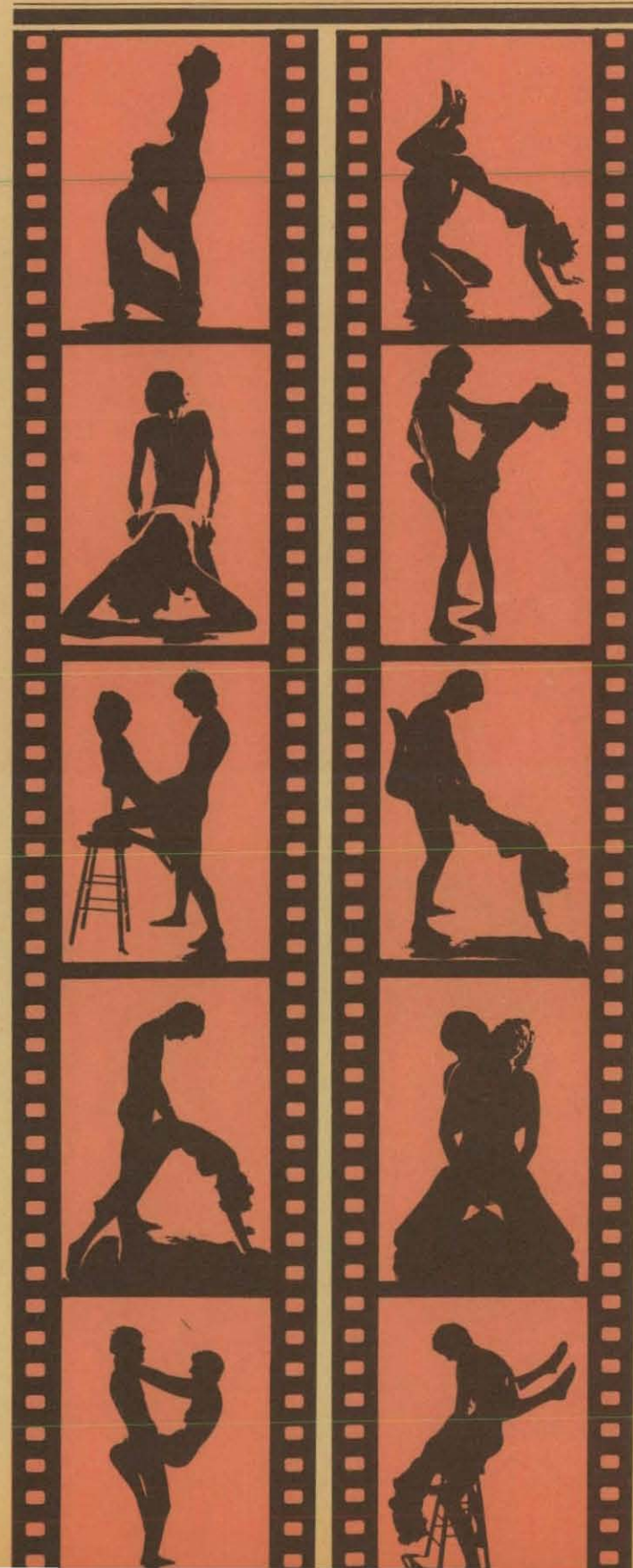
Couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

by Tim Beckley

THE DIVINE OBSESSION

For years, a simple formula was used to grind out what were best known as "blue movies." Producers of sleazy loops and "one-day wonders" were rank amateurs—many hardly knew how to operate a camera properly. *En masse* they held to a single premise, believing that it was a

X-RATED MOVIE REVIEWS



cinch to make a fast buck on the "jerk-offs" who frequented theaters bold enough to show sexually "hot" material.

All you had to do, the theory went, was portray wall-to-wall copulation in its grossest form. "Give 'em plenty of tits, ass and pussy. Throw in a goodly number of wide-open cunt shots. Lots of oralism. Half-a-dozen come sequences and everyone will be happy," appeared to be the prevailing attitude. Add some tacky "Whack my wong, eat me out" dialogue, and presto! it was off to the projection booth to make another killing. It didn't matter that the film was poorly shot, that the "studs" and the "nymphos" couldn't act, or even that the sound track had nothing whatsoever to do with the jaded action taking place on the screen. Even if you felt cheated, who could you voice your complaint to? HUSTLER wasn't around to rate the available merchandise. So what if you got ripped off? Hell, you were "lucky" to be viewing such a thing, so just shut the fuck up and be satisfied."

Luckily, the era of the devious "smut peddler" has come to a close. No longer do we envision the stereotype pornographer as a seedy pervert who sells French postcards in deserted alleyways and on the perimeter of grade school playgrounds. Indeed, the times they are a-changing, for there is an entirely new breed of "artistic pornographer" who is bringing an aura of maturity to a field which, until recently, lacked any degree of sophistication.

David Wynn and Louis Su, producers of *The Divine Obsession*, have come close to completing the task of bringing sexually explicit motion pictures out of the damp, dank gutter and into the bright sunlight.

Graduates of Yale University (1969), these fellows have some pretty solid movie-making experience under their belts. It's not as if they picked up a camera for the first time six months ago. Su, for example, worked for Allen Funt, who brought us "Candid Camera." He was also associate producer of the memorable

Silent Night, Bloody Night (starring Patrick O'Neal and John Carradine). These are credits you can't sneeze at. Clearly, both Wynn and Su know their stuff. There's no getting around the fact that *Divine Obsession* will be a landmark film in the X-rated movie business.

Although the plot of this feature is basically weak, it is realistic, and that, above all else, makes this venture ring true. All characters in *Obsession* have flesh-and-blood qualities. We can feel for them, empathize with their plight, understand their failings. They are not fornicating zombies, but real human beings just like you and I.

Obsession is essentially a true account of an ambitious girl's rise to fame in New York, and her subsequent downfall. Actress-model Julia Franklin portrays Julia, a character said to be based entirely on a composite of her own personal experiences and those of a close friend. Julia is a young gal from Ohio, who leaves home at an early age to make it in the "Big Apple," wanting desperately to become a celebrity.

She immediately discovers that fame and fortune do not arrive on gossamer wings, nor without repeated attempts by producers to get into her tight pants. Reluctantly, Julia gives in to temptation and succumbs to the old casting-couch routine. At the headquarters of one production company, she willingly gets "stuffed" while bent over a desk reciting line and verse from Shakespeare's "Hamlet." She gets the part. "When do I get to read the script?" the beauty is anxious to know. The director cannot help but chuckle. Unbeknownst to her, she has just auditioned for a part in a pornographic movie.

Starting out at \$50 a day for appearing in loops, Julia claws her way up the ladder until she becomes the Number One superstar of porno. Her name is a household word. Her photo is plastered on the cover of national magazines. What could be better? Her day has come. Or so it would seem.

Julia's balloon suddenly ex-

plodes, as she finds herself deeply in trouble with the law. Unable to get back into X-rated motion pictures because of the obscenity charges, our fallen angel becomes a high-class call girl and then a madam. But even here Julia finds it difficult to remain on top for long. An underworld kingpin, in the protection racket, tells her he wants a third of the action—or else! "You know, it's not safe to be a working girl in New York any more." When Julia shoves the bigwig's face into a bowl of caviar, it's all over. Her bordello is closed down within the week by the police, who are obviously on the take.

Julia plunges desperately downhill, turning five-dollar tricks out of seedy hotel rooms. Luckily for Julia, two of her old call-girl friends take her in and get her a job in burlesque. Unluckily for Julia, when the picture ends she has committed suicide.

In perhaps the kinkiest sequence of this film, Julia is tied spread-eagle on a bed by an old lover. Disappearing into the bathroom, her tormentor re-emerges moments later, a jar of shaving cream in one hand and a funnel in the other. The highly aroused gentleman proceeds to stick the spout of the funnel up Julia's ass. After a brief struggle, Julia submits. Hot lather is

squirted up her butt. Her boyfriend then plunges his stiff prick eight inches deep into her ass. He fucks her in this orifice like a cavalry trooper trying to escape Sitting Bull at Little Bighorn.

Here is a 90-minute masterpiece of erotic celluloid calculated to knock your socks off, while holding you glued to the edge of your seat in anticipation. *Divine Obsession* may be the porno hit of 1976—if not of all time.

BENEATH THE MERMAIDS

For those of you who have often wondered what becomes of the hundreds of boats and ships which have mysteriously vanished in the Bermuda Triangle, the producers of this film offer their own inventive theory.

A young couple find themselves stranded on an island smack-dab in the middle of the Hoodoo Sea. Jack is interested in balling, come hell or high water, while his girlfriend, Helen, is concerned with getting off this spooky and remote parcel of land.

Striking out on her own after a heated argument, the tantalizing, fully-bosomed girl comes upon a local male who seems to be meandering about in a daze.



Suspense and sex intertwined in *Beneath the Mermaids*

Helen, herself, is mesmerized by the size of his cock; she lowers her head to pay homage to the throbbing prick.

Cum still clinging to her mouth, and now under a spell of her own, Helen is led to a cave inhabited by three witches from the lost continent of Atlantis. These rather beautiful, but centuries-old, gals have kept themselves alive over the years by having developed a formula which enables them to drain the life force from crew members of all the ships that have vanished in the area.

Though they have hit upon a topical subject (the mystery of the Bermuda Triangle), the producers have, I think, been a



Beneath the Mermaids star Kim Pope demonstrates her "brand" of S/M eroticism.

bit too rigid in trying to get their message across. There are several sizzling sex scenes—including the star, Kim Pope, being buffeted by her boyfriend's huge stick on the beach, her cunt actually swallowing up the sand—but there could have been more. In its favor, however, *Mermaids* is tightly edited, with production being above par. The color quality is unusually crisp, and even the acting comes across rather well.

EXHIBITION

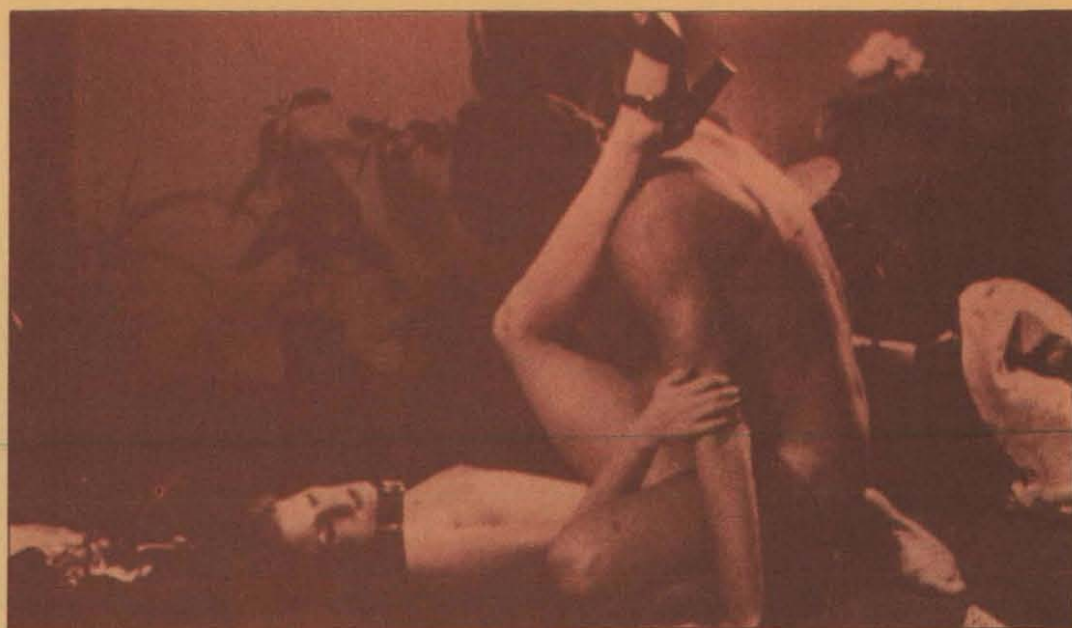
This French import originally opened to much hoopla and fanfare as an entry in the conservative New York Film Festival. From the way the daily press played it up, you'd think it was the sexsational blockbuster of the decade. Well, it isn't.

Instead, *Exhibition* is a slow-paced, rather monotonous semi-documentary that attempts to show us how liberated and wild the French citizenry can be. Directed by Jean-Francois Davy and featuring Claudine Baccarie, *Exhibition* is much too long and dry to whet the appetite of American viewers of erotica. Honestly, at just under two hours running time, I found it difficult to remain attentive. Though the star is disarmingly coy and ultrasensual, the dialogue is confusing in spots and tends to wander. A rambling narrator tosses prurient questions at the movie's leading lady, who tries her damndest to give sincere answers but mainly proves that she is no Ann Landers.

The few feet of lukewarm footage that I observed were lost in the shuffle. Paris may be the European capital of fun and frolic, but *Exhibition* lacks excitement and luster. Give me the Arc de Triomphe and the Eiffel Tower instead, any day.

ANYONE BUT MY HUSBAND

Nora is having marital problems. "My husband won't touch me



Succulent sex starlet C. J. Laing, getting a leg up with anyone but her husband.

anymore," she complains. "We were married when I was 16. I'm 22 now. He only likes young girls." Her psychiatrist suggests she have an affair.

The guys Nora teams up with during the course of her adulterous interlude are all weirdos. There's the artist who chains her wrists, hoists her to the ceiling and lashes her repeatedly. Untying her, he forces Nora to perform fellatio on him. Asked whether she enjoyed the experience, Nora comments, "Are you nuts? I want to go to bed, not

to the hospital!"

Her next encounter is with a poet who recites Longfellow, Wordsworth and Frost before consummating their union. Then comes a gypsy named The Hook, with a 14-in. peter (which Nora sucks off in a classic demonstration of deep-throating—Linda Lovelace would probably gag on this dude). We're told that "he speaks no English, but his cock is international!" Lo and behold, there is even a lesbian scene involving a fortune teller who fist-fucks our starlet, shov-

ing her hand into Nora's elastic cunt *all the way up to her wrist*.

Following all of this heavy action, Nora poses the classic question: "Aren't there any men in the world who just want a good lay?" Obviously not!

Written and directed by Roberta Findley, who brought us *Angel Number 9*, this tantalizing talkie might well be classified as the *El Topo* of the X-rated cinema. There's enough raunch to satisfy the most depraved members of the audience. **DD**



Hard-core adult (and adulterous) entertainment in *Anyone But My Husband*.

BOOKS

PRIVATE BOY

by Raphael Blasi
Midwood Publications
185 Madison Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10016
\$2.25

This little volume is a real turn-off from start to finish, especially



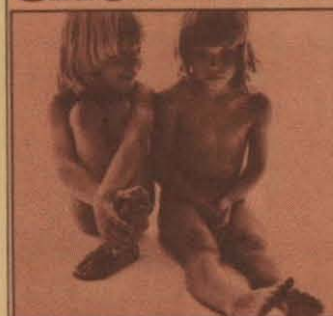
when you consider that most of Raphael Blasi's previous work has been so excellent. The realistic style and highly believable sex scenes that once won Blasi great praise in the porn book business now seem as stale as an unwashed scrotum. *Private Boy's* plot involves the destructive relationship between George Saxon and his wife, Miranda. A thirty year old movie executive, George is suddenly transferred to Los Angeles from New York, and whether it's the change in climate or his introduction to California's sexual liberation, he becomes very horny, very fast. This doesn't set well with Miranda, however, who is extremely conservative, uptight and an all-around ball-buster. When she learns that her hubby has been filling his secretary's lonely hours with a lot of lustful laying, Miranda cuts him off entirely, and finally divorces him. Sadly, George moves in with his friend, John, the porn filmmaker, and almost overnight becomes a star of the

fuck flicks. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, Miranda discovers how soft she had it before when she tries to pull her prissy pussy tricks on other men. Eventually, she gets her anal cherry popped (during an enema trip between a scuzzy chick and her sadistic boyfriend). In the end, everybody gets just what they deserve, except the reader who shells out \$2.25 for this offbeat beat-off book.

SHOW ME!

by Will McBride (Photos) and Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt (Text)
St. Martin's Press
175 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10010
\$12.95

Show Me!



A Picture Book of Sex for Children and Parents
Photography and Captions by Will McBride
Explanatory Text by Dr. Helga Fleischhauer-Hardt

How did you learn about "the birds and the bees"? Did the very friendly "older" (around 30) lady next door teach you? Or were you tossed into the little girl's bathroom during grammar school recess? Maybe, just maybe, one of your parents pulled you up on his or her lap and answered your questions about the strange coupling you noticed between two neighborhood dogs. Well, fear no more; if you still haven't learned about sex, *Show Me* will reveal all you've ever wanted to know but were afraid to ask, and if you have learned a few things over the years, then *Show Me* will remind you (very graphically) where you have been. An impressively packaged collection of photos, *Show Me* also il-

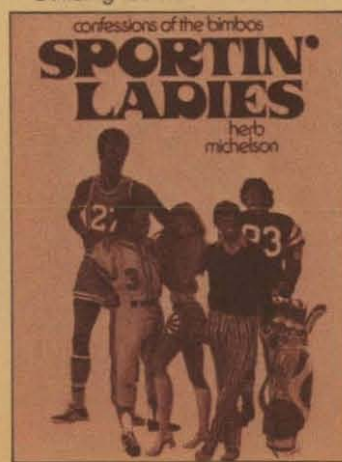
lustrates well-developed young adults at sexual play. The text is biologically bubbling and the captions are cute enough to rot the teeth, but one must admit the creators of this book have come up with the best method yet for discussing sex with your offspring, short of an actual demonstration. Hand the kids a copy of these black-and-white bare facts and tell them to go out and play. Even if you don't have kids, *Show Me* will make a discreet addition to your coffee table collection if you remember to cover up the stains on your carpet before inviting guests over.

SPORTIN' LADIES

by Herb Michelson
Chilton Book Company
201 King of Prussia Rd.
Radnor, Pa. 19089
\$7.95

This reviewer, an ever-faithful fan of the Detroit Lions, was present at a practice session one day (in Hollywood, where the Lions were preparing for a game with the Los Angeles Rams) when a couple of budding (in all the right places) young starlets began pitching their sexuality at a flashy defensive back. I suspect that the fellow worked harder that evening than during practice and enjoyed it more. Having personally observed these "bimbos," or locker room ladies, with considerable interest, I can assure our readers of their existence.

Utilizing some 16 interviews,

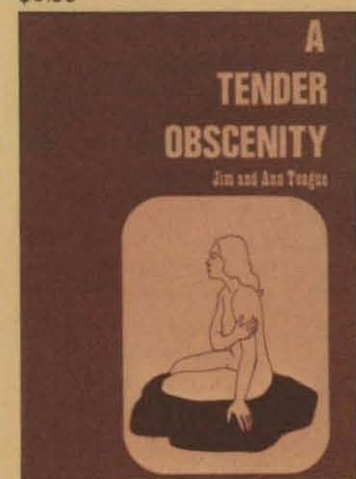


the author of *Sportin' Ladies* is not particularly kind when dealing with jockstrap snappers. There is a continuous note of sardonic pity about the prose, and one suspects that the writer became frustrated because all his characters wanted to do was talk. The gals themselves, including such stalwart sorts as Chicago Shirley, The Little Yellow Butterfly and The Grandmother, are wise but weary women who practice fan worship in a prone position. Or, if time is short, on their knees. It's nice to know that our sports heroes usually get a "Ball of Fame" before being placed in the Hall of Fame.

TENDER OBSCENITY

by Jim and Ann Teague
Ashley Books
Box 768

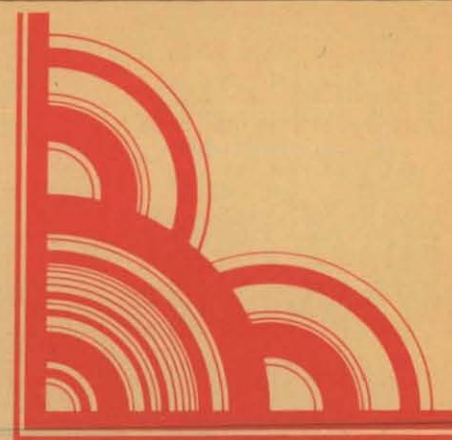
Port Washington, N.Y. 11050
\$6.95



Reading *Tender Obscenity* is like flipping through the pages of a family album. This cute carnal diary was written by a young and loving couple who relate their sultry episodes so realistically that the overall effect is one of genuine erotica. Entertainingly, the book combines a free and liberal discussion of sexual topics with arousing retellings of tight little turn-on tales. But the real appeal of this book is its authentic narrative that makes you feel as if you've just peeked through your neighbor's bedroom window. **BB**



SEX BITS



LOS ANGELES (HNS) — American women are more active sexually and enjoying it much more than the previous generation, but sexual liberation is far from complete, and sex-pleasure patterns differ markedly, according to UCLA grad student Bonnie Burstein.

Conducting her own mini-Kinsey on a large group of women from 18 to 38 (average age 21), Burstein laid bare the following facts:

1) Only 16 percent of the women always, or almost always, had orgasms each time they screwed.

2) Almost 30 percent of the group never, or hardly ever, achieved orgasm as a result of intercourse.

3) Only 24 percent of the women really enjoy sex; 62 percent said it was so-so, and 13 percent said they enjoyed it slightly or not at all.

4) Women who were in the habit of masturbating and fantasizing about sexual activity were significantly more likely to climax during intercourse.

5) Sensitivity of the erotic zones tends to be related to the ability to orgasm.

6) Women who received their first sexual exposure from peers or through actual experience with a male partner were significantly more likely to be orgasmic.

7) Women who came repeatedly during one sexual bout were the most strongly committed to their male partners, and let it all hang out.

Despite the increase in sexual activity and sexual pleasure, Burstein said 30 percent of the women in her sample had never masturbated.

LONDON (HNS) — Three British scientists have developed a brain operation technique that turns ordinary males into practically non-stop marathon studs.

One male who underwent the operation performed 17 times with a maximum of six-and-a-half minutes between performances. Another male got it up a second time in just

HUSTLER NEWS SERVICE

Sex Bits brings you news from around the world on startling discoveries and revelations, fascinating gadgets and research, and a peek at the freakiest and most bizarre happenings. Presented monthly, these little quips of information will give any Hustler the well-rounded knowledge of what's going on and where to find it.

Compiled by
Richard Crownover

65 seconds. The kicker is that these two males and the 23 others who underwent similar operations are rats—the furry kind with long tails.

But experimenters R. F. Barfield, Catherine Wilson and P. G. McDonald, in the physiology department at the Royal Veterinary College in London, suggest that what works for rats would probably work for men.

Like men, male rats tend to get drowsy after screwing. One response in which rats do differ from men is that after ejaculation and withdrawal, the male rat normally lets go with a distinctive ultrasonic whistle that lasts for about three-and-a-half minutes. Most men haven't got that much whistle left.

The researchers found that by destroying a certain chemical pathway in the brain of the rats, their post-coital fatigue and drowsiness were dramatically reduced. It also put a stop to that crazy whistling in most of the rats, and cut it in half in the others.

The scientists believe that ejaculation in both rats and men releases a fatigue-causing chemical called dopamine into the brain. They speculate that if one chemical can cause this reaction, another one, artificially made, could block it—allowing men to get one up on rats.

In their experiments, the three researchers also found that pinching the tail of one rat got him back in the mood in about half the normal time. (This could explain what

happened to the "tails" men are said to have once had.)

LOS ANGELES (HNS) — Sexual hypocrisy is responsible for much of the loneliness, depression, frustration, and impotence associated with old age in the U.S., says psychologist Mary Ann P. Sviland of the Sepulveda V.A. Hospital.

Sviland conducts a program of sex therapy for men and women over 60 years of age.

"Research shows that seven out of ten people are sexually active well into their 80s if they have willing sex partners," Sviland said, adding, "Older people without mates are more often than not prevented from finding willing sex partners by opposition from their adult children."

In her program, Sviland helps elderly, sexually frustrated people shed their inhibitions and learn how to make the best of their sexual capabilities without shame or anxiety.

The techniques she teaches include oral sex and manual stimulation—activities many of the older people have never experienced.

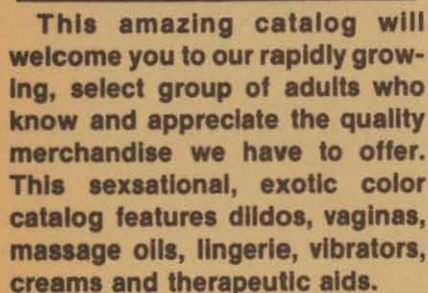
Summing up, Sviland said, "Love and intimacy are not the exclusive province of the young. Counseling elderly patients in improved sexual functioning and adjustment is not an end in itself, but a means of fulfilling the timeless need of all humans for intimacy and love."

VILCABAMBA, ECUADOR (HNS) — Grey-haired Gabriel Erazo, a farmer in this high mountain valley, says he has as much desire for sexual intercourse with women now as he had when he was 20.

This is more remarkable than it might seem on the surface. Gabriel is 132 years old, and had his first sexual experience with a woman more than 115 years ago.

Gabriel is just one of many *viejos* (old ones) who live in the high Ecuadorian

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HUSTLER

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Sincerely, *Ed Taylor*

P.S. I've added a fantastic entire section that will teach you how to Extract Gold From Your Credit Cards. I will teach you to raise your credit card ceiling from \$200.00 to \$10,000.00 or more in minutes. . . How to raise \$5,000.00 in cash in one hour on your credit cards even when you can't get a loan anyplace. . . How you can use your credit cards to make hun-

dreds of extra dollars on business trips, vacations, visits to relatives with absolutely no work involved. . . How to go into debt with your credit cards and end up making seven times your investment. . . How to pyramid your credit cards into \$10,000.00, \$20,000.00, even \$30,000.00 in cash when opportunity calls. Yes, I'll teach you all this and more. You've Got Gold In Your Pockets And You May Not Even Know It. . . **BUT YOU WILL LEARN SOON!**

Mr. Edward Taylor
James Publishing Co., Inc.
P.O. Box 82 Hooksett, N.H. 03106

H-376

Dear Mr. Taylor:

Please ship me your complete "MONEY" Manual. I hereby give you my pledge that I will not copy, duplicate or resell the secrets and techniques I will find revealed in your manual. I confirm this pledge in writing with my signature on the line below.

Signature _____

☐ I enclose \$10.00 in full payment.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

☐ I enclose a \$2.00 deposit. Send my Money Manual C.O.D.

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SAVE MONEY! ENCLOSE FULL PAYMENT AND SAVE C.O.D. CHARGES!



BARE BEAVER

SHAVING A CUNT IS LIKE
PEELING A TOMATO
BUT THE TURN-ON ISN'T
THE SAME

It started with a disagreement after dessert.

"A shaved pussy would never turn me on," said Richard. "I like my women to be soft and furry."

"I'll bet you'd bust your balls if you could see me shaved," replied Alice. "What do you say to that?"

Richard smiled slyly. "You're on!" he answered, and suddenly everybody wanted to lend a hand.









"Take it easy with that razor!" Alice cried, squirming her ass on the slick table top. "You're getting a little too close for comfort."

"Don't worry," the men laughed. "We'll be careful. Just settle





down or we might accidentally nick your nookie."

"Well, Richard, now that you've seen my snatch all smooth and squeaky, who wins our bet?"

"You do," Richard answered. "Now come and get your prize."



*The Decline and Fall
of the Playboy Empire*

Going Down In Bunnyland

OPINION by Donald R. Myrus

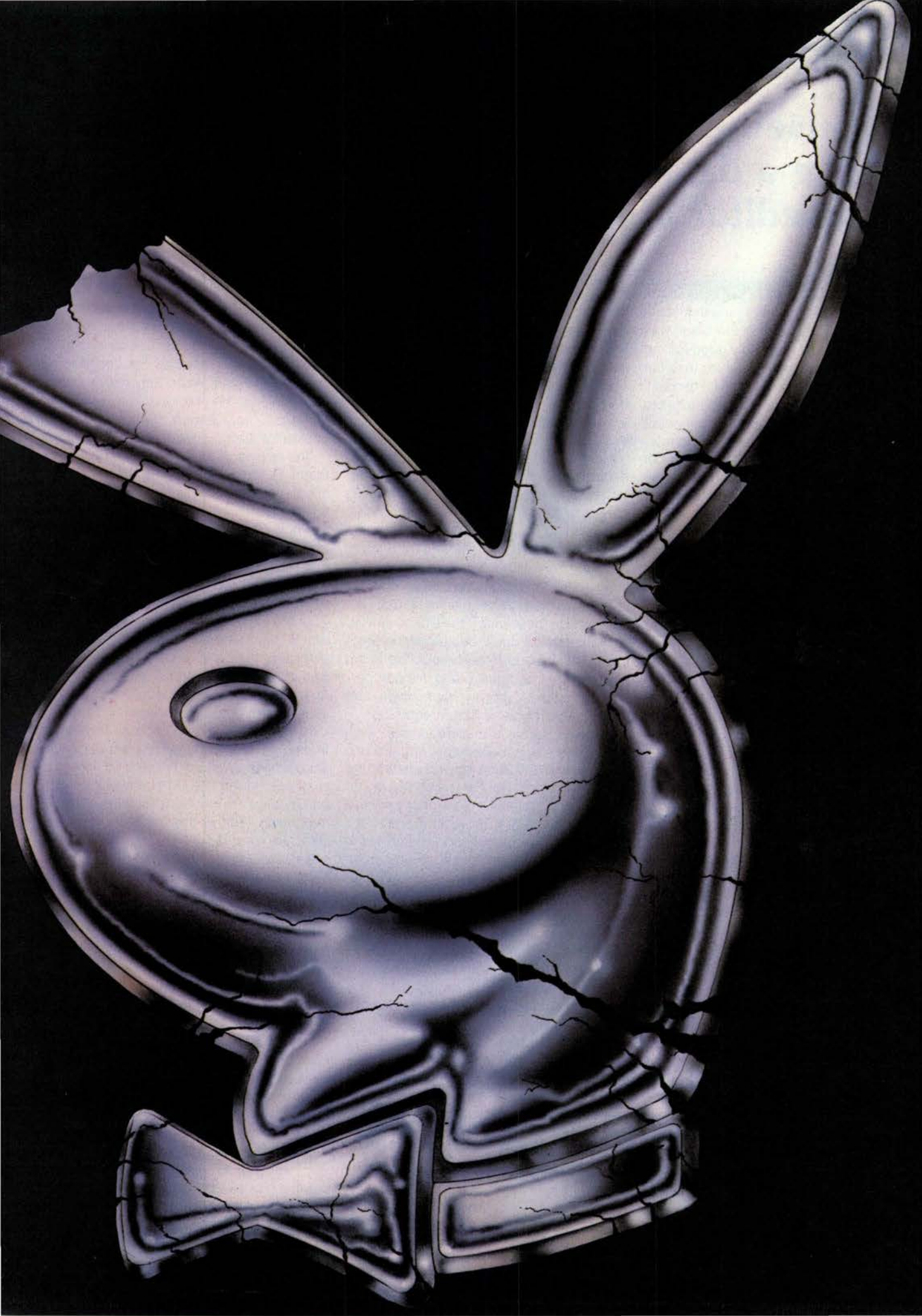
How can a company that has a magazine which sells 5.8 million copies a month be going broke? Hint: remember *Collier's*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *Life & Look*.

This is not an investigation of a moral issue, but of a financial outrage. No matter that a covey of self-satisfied men have lived high off the hog. What does matter is that they have killed the golden goose. At one time, these same men would have had us believe them to be hard nosed and brilliant, but their performance record shatters that boast.

Playboy—magazine, clubs, hotels, movie making—where it is run at all, is run by the “pals,” a small group of old friends distinguished only by their shared good fortune to have known Hefner in earlier, leaner years. The one-time chief operating officer, Robert Preuss, who resigned as this article was going to press and who is largely responsible for the company's present condition, has been described by the *Wall Street Journal* as “the roommate”; he and Hefner lived together when they went to the University of Illinois those many years ago. In 1971 these two were responsible for peddling stock they priced at \$27.2 million; today it is worth about \$3.5 million. Outrageous enough?

It is true that the market has been bad across the board. But not that bad. And besides, the market has had virtually nothing to do with the really horrendous losses. According to documents filed with the Securities and Exchange Commission, from 1973 to 1975 net profits from *Playboy* and *Owl* have declined from \$24 million a year to a mere \$6 million. For the quarter ending on September 30, 1975, the corporation as a





Hefner never really gave a damn about being an editor or a publisher.

whole did show a profit after nine months of losses, but the \$899,000 in the black was mostly the result of unusually good luck at the Playboy Club's gaming tables in Great Britain, where earnings were up 80 percent. As with all gamblers, even the house has to average out in the end, and it is expected that for the corporation as a whole, gambling profits will not be enough to put the company ahead by June, 1976—the end of its fiscal year.

Since circulation dropped about a million copies during the past three years, some questions come to mind: Has Hefner lost his touch? Yes. And, have men and boys changed their tastes in prurientes, or in other words, is something really new happening in the tits and ass business? Yes, again.

Is it something else, too? Some real mismanagement at Playboy? Clearly, the answer here, too, is yes. A significant decline in profits in the last fiscal year was due to over-printing—about \$3.5 million worth. And the feeling around the Playboy building is that the cause is *wishful thinking*, the inability to accept or to try to avert the disaster hurtling toward them. Meanwhile, the wild spending for the private DC-9, the two mansions and other playthings of all sorts goes unabated: \$3.5 million each year at last count. To date, the company has invested \$16 million in these toys.

Oui, Hefner's latest newsstand effort, lost \$2.3 million last year. The clubs, all except Miami and Boston (a franchise), continue to be a drain—in fact, \$4.5 million lost last year. And the hotel-resorts...they always were a mistake, the misconception of egomania.

While some of the wiser heads at Playboy were advising Hefner to buy Simon & Schuster, Grove Press, and *Rolling Stone*—successful publishing ventures then up for sale—Hefner built the Great Gorge resort in New Jersey for \$30 million. Today, Playboy has Great Gorge mortgaged for \$14 million and the company would be lucky to get \$10 million for it in a sacrifice sale.

So what? So, Hefner's company isn't making as much money...so bank loans

may be overdue...so mortgage payments are huge...so club and resort losses continue, even as the pals keep pouring millions into "improvements"...so what that a \$6 million airplane flies back and forth from a hackneyed version of Shangri-La to a feeble imitation of San Simeon at a cost of \$16,000 per round trip. So what?

Here's what. Minority stockholders could bring a class-action suit to depose Hefner for gross mismanagement and for wasting corporate funds.

According to the most recent annual report, it is possible to infer that the Internal Revenue Service is well into a full investigation of Playboy returns and could disallow tax-deduction expense claims for that DC-9 and those mansions. If the IRS does what it might, the bill could be staggering. Both the company and Hefner would be in big trouble. The company, and Hefner personally, could owe—in back taxes and interest—as much as \$25 million!

But isn't Hefner a multimillionaire? Perhaps. Then again, perhaps not. He did realize some \$7 million from his share of the sale of the stock. But how much of it did he get to keep? There is a rumor that most of it got drained away in a so-called "tax shelter." If that happened, Hefner's net worth could be quite low. (Remember: almost everything he "owns" was paid for by the corporation and therefore really belongs to it.)

Since neither the company nor Hefner is likely to have much ready cash, the government could very easily get nervous and want to collect it immediately, and litigate later. The mechanism for this IRS caper is called a "jeopardy assessment." If the money isn't forthcoming, a padlock is—which means bankruptcy.

But why is this company, which generated millions, going broke? Because Hefner

THE PHILOSOPHER

Chimeras come singly and leave accompanied.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

never really gave a damn about being an editor or a publisher; he really wanted to be a big star on TV or in the movies (while it is true that as a child he sketched a cartoon diary, he mostly got hyped up over acting in homemade radio plays). Ask him to name a hero and it will be Arthur Godfrey, not Henry R. Luce.

All this is not to say that Hefner didn't make his contribution. He did have a fixation on big tits (shared by many other males) and the sense to publish pictures of the women with the biggest ones. Most of all, he had enough of a sense of destiny to publish in the first place...to take a chance. He didn't have much to lose then, anyway. He was an uptight, star-struck guy, working the day shift for a pittance. He, not his wife, had been virginal when they married, and that rankled. He broke loose when he managed to launch *Playboy*—70,250 copies for a total cost of \$6,033.

The name *Playboy* was selected by Eldon Sellers, a friend who organized the infant company, took a piece of it, hung around for fifteen years not doing much of anything, and then sold out for several million dollars—a lot more than Hefner might wind up with.

The early issues of *Playboy* had a moderate success and then Hefner hired Auguste Comte Spector, a literary snob with a Machiavellian talent for running a magazine staff and a continental flair (he was born in Paris) that awed Madison Avenue's advertising toadies. Circulation soared and so did ad revenue.

Hefner, always shy, if not downright frightened of people (a characteristic he shares with Richard Nixon and Howard Hughes), retired to a 19th century mansion on Chicago's Near North Side to write an overblown, tedious treatise on his views of God, Sex, and the State.

Outside of running photos of Marilyn Monroe nude in the first issue of *Playboy*, the Philosophy was his greatest contribution to modern magazine publishing. He slammed out at the church for tabooing extramarital sex, and at the state for oppressive fornication laws. In brief, which he never was, he gave middle class males a battle cry that finally busted Babbitism: "It's OK to Lay!"

No doubt the Philosophy helped *Playboy's* increased acceptance, but the man really responsible for the circulation growth was *not* Hefner. It was Vincent Tajiri, a first-generation Japanese-American who had served in World War II and was already editor of *Art Photography* when Hefner was still working for the same publishing company in sales promotion. Tajiri created *Playboy's* photo department, one that revolutionized pinup photography. Tajiri,



"Thanks, Jerry, they'll go great with my Attica trophies."

Playboy's most glaring fault: a lot of stirring about, resulting in one step forward, two backward.

with the exquisite taste of the Japanese and their subtle sense of sexual reserve, gave the world naked ladies who looked like dolls—perfect masturbatory images for a generation who hardly knew that females had pubic hair, since the bushy crotches of Tajiri's 8X10 transparencies were air-brushed away.

For the last few years, as *Playboy* has slipped in circulation, its editors and photographers have been wallowing in ambivalence. Hefner, long out of touch, signalled this way and then that—now a little more pussy, now a little less; for a while, even a hint of cock was permitted. Anguish replaced creative pleasure.

The annual report issued to stockholders this past November had the usual letter from president and board chairman Hefner, who concluded with an amazingly prudish put-down of the competition, accusing the 37 other publications vying for a share of the male market of "often exceeding the bounds of the most liberal of contemporary tastes." Hefner showed what was really bothering him when, in a company letter to advertisers, he said that his magazine had reached an unbearable degree of sexual explicitness. Presumably, Hefner feels that the advertisers will stay with a "clean" magazine but desert a "dirty" one; he wants to go soft on sex.

Whether Hefner will be able to get the respectability he seeks is questionable. In a recent meeting with *Playboy* advertisers, conducted by a committee of magazine executives (minus Hefner), word was passed that *Playboy* would stay sexy.

And so, Hefner and his lieutenants play word games with each other, bouncing "raunch" against "sensual" and throwing in "vulgar" and "kinky." Meanwhile, the buyers slip away. What *Playboy* needs are men in command with new ideas—erotic ones, journalistic ones.

Creative talent—a quality in others that Hefner has always felt threatened by—is called for. In the course of twelve years, he wore Spector'sky down and destroyed the creative will of other good editors. Those he didn't drive away with frustration, he had

fired. A foremost example was the incomparable Tajiri.

Spinelessness replaced spunk. Executives accomplished in the basic skills of writing and photography gave way to corporate chameleons. What was once called the HMH Publishing Company and is now Playboy Enterprises, Inc., became the personification of the Peter Principle, which is the frequent circumstance that finds an incompetent constantly being promoted.

Playboy became a sanctuary for men who had badly played the go-go publishing games of the mid-sixties. They slipped out of New York to repeat their patterns of failure in Chicago. They were sharp, glib, and weak when it came to real creative work or making profits.

An executive whose extravagances and misjudgments are still being felt by the company is Robert Gutwillig. He had held a high position at McGraw-Hill, and then when his career there went into a decline, he went to the Times-Mirror's book publishing venture and its paperback near-cousin, The New American Library. He and they floundered. He was given a job at *Playboy* by—of all people—Spector'sky, because he had once offered Spector'sky a contract to write three books (Spec was always looking for a way to get out from under Hef).

Gutwillig brought an entourage with him to *Playboy* where he and his associates ran true to form. They took over the *Playboy* Press, which up until then had been making a profit of over \$1 million a year. They dabbled in greeting cards and *Playmate* puzzles and launched the *Playboy* Book Club, which has cost a large fortune (at least \$5 million) and is only marginally profitable.

Gutwillig was responsible for the terms of the deal that created *Oui*—a deal that is no

THE PHILOSOPHER

The mysterious brings peace to my eyes, not blindness.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

credit to America, a country of former horse traders. It seems that when Daniel Filipacchi—publisher of *Lui*, the French imitation of *Playboy*—planned to bring out an American edition, Hefner, who once made the mistake of smirking at the possibility of competition from *Penthouse*, decided to collaborate. Three years later *Oui* was losing millions, but Filipacchi was still making money on his part of the bargain.

Gutwillig symbolized *Playboy*'s most glaring fault: a lot of stirring about, resulting in one step forward, two backward.

In November a new publisher was named at *Playboy*—Dick Rosenzweig—a longtime Hefner flunky who had for years played the role of guard at the palace door. To reach Hefner, one had to go through Rosenzweig, whose sense of self-importance reflected from the king was boundless. Prior to November, he had not been in a position to make any decisions, and even now, with his new title, seems incapable of acting decisively.

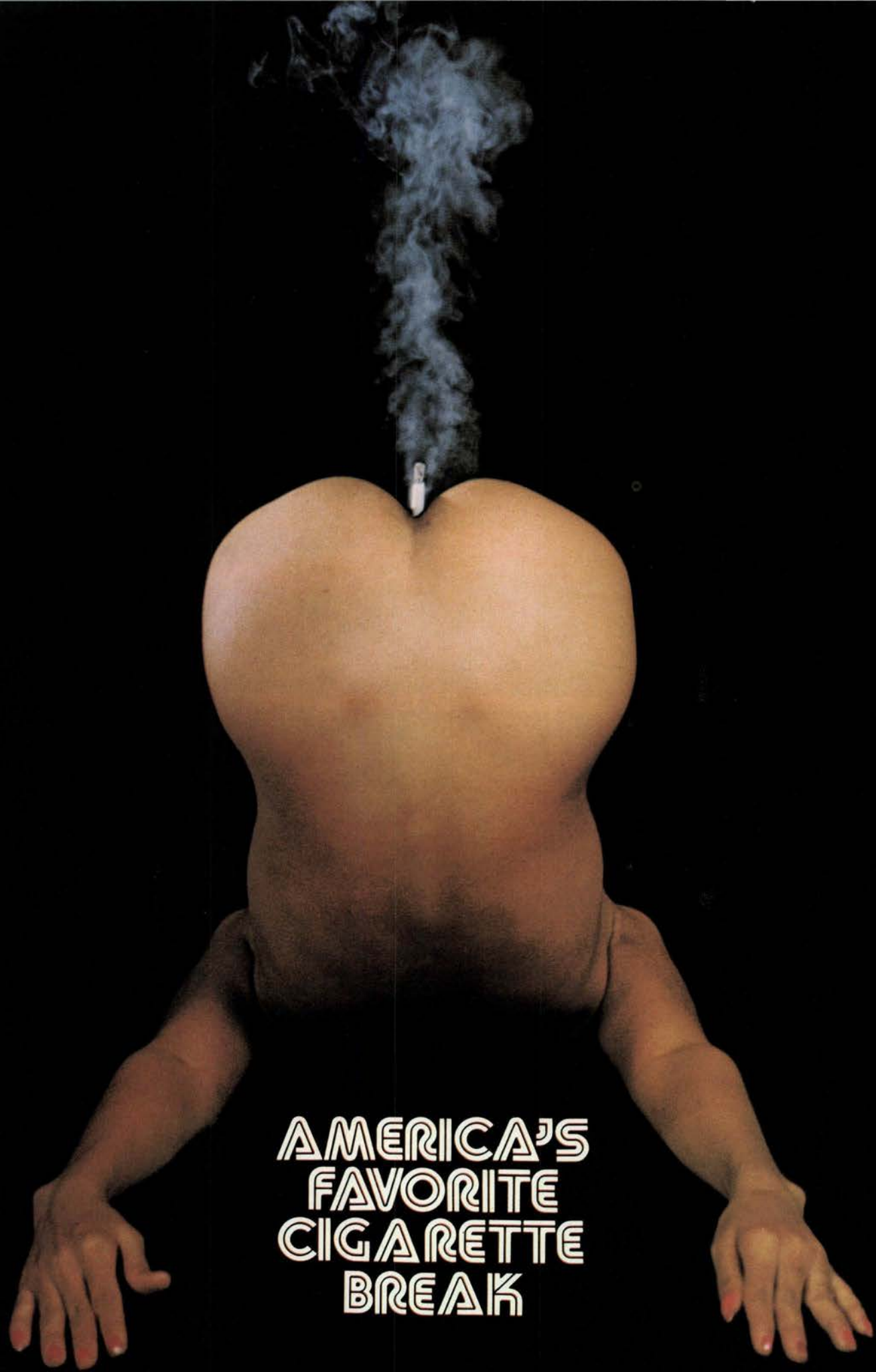
With the company in trouble, the hope at headquarters in Chicago was that Hefner would, at last, come back from California and sit himself in an office as a functioning corporate chief. But no—he had another idea. Besides Rosenzweig, there would be yet one more go-between. Hefner has sent a girl to do a man's job—and that girl happens to be his daughter Christie.

She was introduced by Hefner as his "liaison" to the vice presidents at a meeting in November—a meeting notable for another introduction. Howard Bond was brought forward to assume the role of vice president in charge of personnel and industrial relations (just what "industrial relations" have to do with a magazine publishing company is not clear).

Howard is the cousin of Julian Bond, the black Georgia politician. Hefner loves celebrities, but in this case, the cousin of one had to do. On the other hand, what seems to be important to the company—in view of its internal racial problems—is that Howard Bond is black. Just recently, black employees (mail room clerks, secretaries, other clericals) pulled a sit-down strike because the director of employee relations, Tony Jackson, a black, had been fired. Since he was the highest-ranking black at *Playboy*—which has no black photographers, no black editors, no black directors—a token slot was open. Enter Howard Bond.

Another corporate ailment is secrecy and paranoia. The big complaint in the executive offices is that the right hand doesn't know what the left hand is doing; one chief is isolated from another, and all from Lord Hefner.

(continued on page 94)



AMERICA'S
FAVORITE
CIGARETTE
BREAK



[HTTP://FREEMAGS.CC](http://freemags.cc)



This ingenious vaginal exercise is the result of over ten years of intensive training in Tibet, plus a whole lotta manual dexterity. As such, it is *not* recommended that our readers attempt it, especially since the Surgeon General has determined that cigarette smoking is dangerous to your health. Besides—who wants to risk cancer of the cunt?





HUSTLER INTERVIEW

DARBY LLOYD RAINS

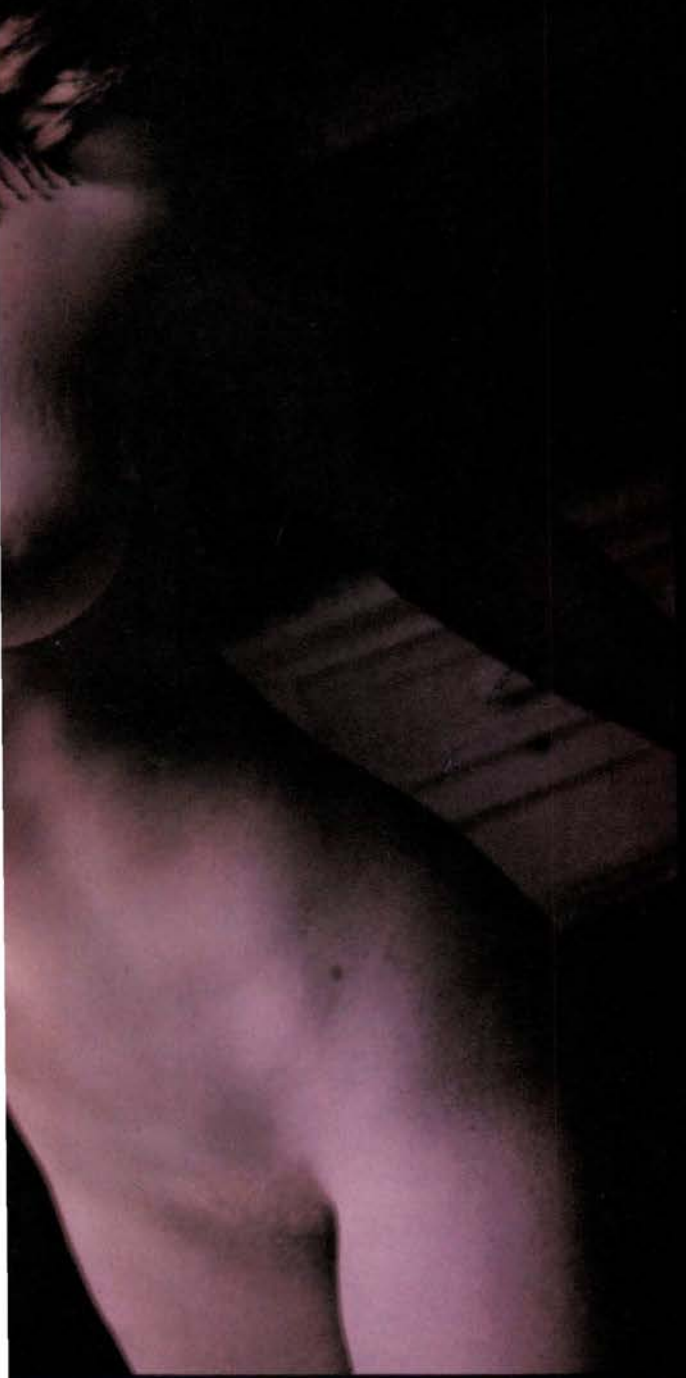
**naked came
the stranger...
with a whip**

by Diana Clapton

"The aggressive woman is what 'sells' today in pornography—Gay Talese was right. And I happen to be a fairly energetic person...I can be very aggressive in sex. My whole energy comes through in cocksucking, or anything else. That's really *me*. If I were supposed to portray a shy little virgin, I could. But since I'm an aggressive person, that's how they cast me, and I just...take over."

The beauty who stands at the top of the current porn pile lounges across her red velvet bedspread alight with blonde magnificence, eating cherries. Her Rubenesque form is casually draped in a pink negligee and her thick-lashed hazel eyes gaze condescendingly upon the world outside her bedroom, made manifest by the intrusion of this semi-square reporter. She is old-time Hollywood glamour with a capital "G." The lady does not like interviews, feeling, as did Spiro, that they lead to certain public distortion. But she has been thrust into the media mainstream by the success of her film, a powerfully erotic adaptation of *Naked Came The Stranger*, and has decided to surrender, finally and voluptuously, to the insistent throbbing of the cassette tape recorder.





Porn is dominated by male fantasies, male money and male hang-ups, and this has wired out the ego of almost every other sex queen who's manipulated her way to the top. Outwardly pliant, wanton and willing, their interior battles begin to burn up the spirit after a few too many four-ways, and sooner or later they will renounce it all and split.

Darby is a different breed of sex kitten, a feisty, well-spoken, forcefully feminine creature of such personality that even after two hours of screwing and sucking you can't help wanting to know what really turns her on. The lowdown lewdness that, for example, Julie Christie promises in *Shampoo*, diving under the dinner table after Warren Beatty's celebrated cock—we see delivered in full-throated splendor by Darby. Bacall's lifted eyebrow, Mae West's ballsy come-ons and Rita Hayworth's flagrant body language may have conveyed worlds of fuck fantasies to horny audiences. Darby's wide-open delivery takes all that humpy heritage and makes it so much camp, and we are all the better for it.

"You've gotta understand," she says, languid, liquid honey in that rose-colored boudoir, "they're paying me to be an *object*, which doesn't really distress me, and I'm gonna be the best that money can buy." This particular blonde "object" came to New York after a year of college with lovely ambitions to be a "torch singer," one of those babes that hangs over the piano in some Thirties club and warbles throaty songs.

She was very pretty, dewy-eyed and single-minded, but it wasn't enough, because every other girl in the Big Apple had all of those qualities *and* better connections. One New Year's Eve she was sitting in the hallway with her girl friend, wondering if next year would go faster, harmonizing casually, when a strange young man came out of the woodwork. He turned out to be Joe Negroni, the lanky, hip discoverer of Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers. "I fell in love with him immediately. He was pure *show business*! Nobody else came close to understanding how I felt." The two locked into a passionate partnership and cast around for the perfect medium for their not-inconsiderable talent.

They made a record. It was never released. Darby got a full-time job as a receptionist for a doctor uptown, and turned the full splendor of her fantasies toward casting calls in *Backstage* and *Show Business*. They were always for girls to make sexploitation films. "For six months straight I turned them down because I couldn't ruin my *reputation*," she remembers with a belly laugh.

Then she met Jerry Damiano, another erotic embryo, and he was making a trashy little jewel called *Sex USA*. He had a very good rap for halfway-willing blonde nymphets. *Of course* she could wear a wig and new makeup and no one would ever *suspect*. She would be working in front of a camera, doing something she'd been "almost obsessed with" all her life, something she'd experimented with

happily and dived into Chinese philosophy to understand better. Reflecting on her extensive "research," Darby recalls, "I didn't make every sex scene a part of my life style, but I found out exactly what it was about." Damiano told her she was a natural.

HUSTLER: Did it ruin your reputation?

RAINS: I started out making the films for bread and experience...but it evolved into a whole crusade trip. I feel it's my purpose in life to be free and natural, with no hang-ups in terms of sexual awareness. Sex is a natural state; society's hang-ups are the perversion, as it turns out.

Porn is a meat rack, but every time I'm in front of a camera it's an acting class, too. Of course, I was embarrassed to work in those amateurish, dumpy productions at first. But I'll always prefer working to hanging around. I consider myself a serious actress who's simply had more experience acting out sexual involvement than any other emotional situation.

HUSTLER: How do you feel about people like Al Goldstein, who say they don't go to porn films to watch great acting, they go to be turned on?

RAINS: That's ridiculous. If I didn't turn him on it's just his personal taste, because that's what I was attempting to do, but I have been embarrassed at some of my performances.

HUSTLER: At having the whole world watch you go down on Jamie Gillis?

RAINS: No...at being too fat. If I see a roll of fat in technicolor, it blows the whole scene. I gain and lose weight very quickly. That's the one area of my life I've found very difficult to control.

HUSTLER: Everybody in porn is hopelessly oral. Nobody's ever made a good food-fuck film, though.

RAINS: Because nobody in this business has an ounce of imagination. That's what has made me a star so fast. They just throw me on a set with no direction and let me loose. Forget characterization. Most of the time, forget plot, even! All they can think about is what crotch shot looks best for the camera. "Spread those lips! We wanna see the cock going up that cunt to the hilt!" And the whole thing lit up like we're going into surgery. Someone even said those were shots only a gynecologist could love.

HUSTLER: How about director Roberta Findlay? She made *Angel Number 9*, where you had that great scene with Jamie Gillis. He forced you to your knees and humiliated the hell out of you, and you obviously loved it, and so did everyone else.

RAINS: Oh, yeah, that scene was tremendously powerful, but we made it...not Roberta. Being abused like that was something we could relate to in our own

lives. We're all tremendously sexual human beings, Jamie more than any man I know, and it's our experience and drive the director and producer are paying for when we're hired. Roberta simply shot the scene.

Jamie's one of the most freely sexual human beings I've ever met. He'll do anything. This is much healthier than someone getting into one particular bag and refusing to explore any further.

HUSTLER: You've got to have tremendous physical self-confidence to live like that.

RAINS: He must, and that's rare, because we all have so many sexual hang-ups.

HUSTLER: Do you have any?

RAINS: Not now, but I used to. I used to have this snobbish, priggish attitude about being on a set, where I'd think, "Hey, I'm paid to do this and I've got a commitment to bring in my whole energy and my whole ego, and you're gonna LOVE it. But the minute that camera is off don't ask me to touch a cock." Now I'm much more relaxed. I'll never be the girl sucking a cock between takes because that just isn't me, but I'm ready to relate much more easily.

HUSTLER: Do you think porn people are basically weirdos, exhibitionists and multiple maniacs?

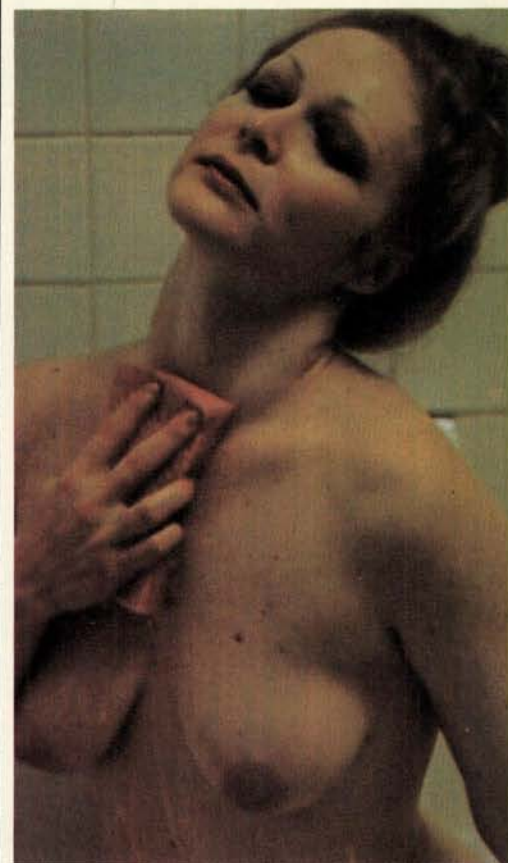
RAINS: Sure, but then I've always been drawn to people like that. Bland, safe people bore the hell out of me. And the guys I work with are dynamite fucks—Rob Evert, Marc Stevens, Jamie. They've each got their own individual style and they're very responsive, beautiful people.

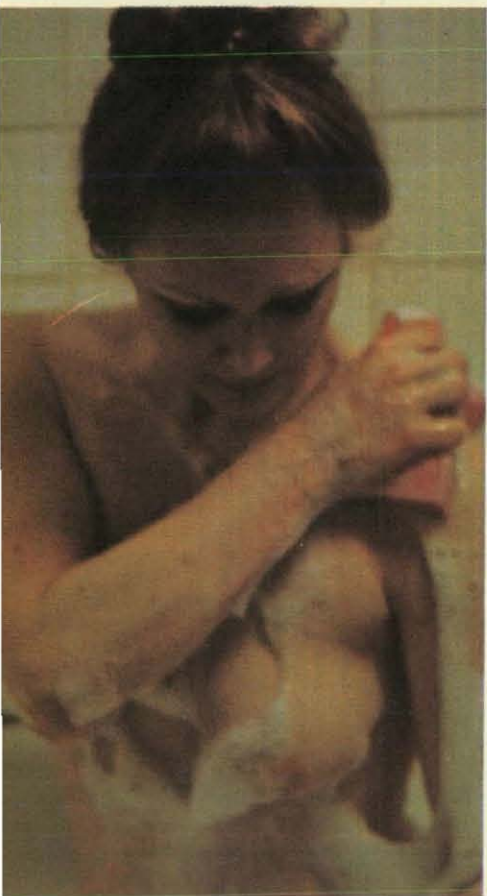
HUSTLER: With big, gorgeous cocks.

RAINS: OK, I'll have to say it...I like a big cock. You can feel it better inside when you hit all the positions. I generally like a good five or six inches to work with, but it's really not so much size as the condition of the cock: a responsive cock is the most fun of all. A smaller cock is easier to blow, and if a guy uses it right he can make it as pleasurable as Johnny Holmes', and much less clumsy. But most guys are so hung up on size they won't get adventurous. Why can't they stop being uptight about this myth?

HUSTLER: Maybe because they go to movies like *Every Inch A Lady*, watch you swallow some 10-inch poker, and feel that Fate has been unfair.

RAINS: Don't you know that the camera adds ten percent to the figure? Think of what it does for the cock! Reporters always ask me, "My God, how can you take a cock that size?" I tell them, "Hey, wait a minute, honey, if you were up there balling me, you'd look good, too." It's a cinematic trick. Marc Stevens has a very long cock but it's slender. I'd say Harry Reems was just average, and Jamie's just a little bigger, but





very thick. I can deep-throat all three of them with no trouble.

HUSTLER: Does it hurt?

RAINS: No, not at all. The whole deep-throat technique is like most of sex—it's all in the head. I was doing it long before Linda Lovelace made *Deep Throat*. That was in my research period, when I was reading a lovely little magazine called *Sexology*. They had this juicy story about wife-swapping, where this girl swallowed it all the way down. They explained the mental situation very clearly. She wanted it and she loved it, and that just opened her up. Wow! That's been my exact experience. You don't even have to be in a straight line to do it; it's OK hanging off a bed or any of the other acrobatics. You just have to be heavy into it. If you put me over a cock and order me to deep-throat it, I probably couldn't and it would hurt me to try. I did one scene with Marc where I knelt in front of him and took him all the way in. But I could have done it from any angle, the desire was so strong.

HUSTLER: You're really proud of your sexual technique...but you're not offensive, not a stone exhibitionist like the rest of the muffled misfits.

RAINS: Listen, I give *great* head, and I know it. But I can also act, direct and handle the business end. Screen sex is only part of my life. I've never seen one of my blow-jobs that turned me on terribly, except maybe that bus number in *Naked*. The only time I really got turned on was watching a film called *Night After Night*, where this lady did a lovely, slow number. Fantastic! For some reason my head jobs don't look as good as I thought they were at the time. But there's so damn much pressure on a set. See, what I like to do is take a nice, limp cock and love it into a full erection; when you've got it hard you can play with it for hours. But when they're screaming for you to make him come it's really hard to be as graceful as you'd like.

HUSTLER: Does performing on a porn set bum you out?

RAINS: Not usually. What gets to me is the complete lack of direction. I usually wind up telling them how to shoot the whole sex scene, like in *The \$50,000 Climax*. What a mess! They threw us all on a bed and the two so-called directors went in the back room and stayed there. I don't think the cameraman had ever shot a sex film before, and the kids had no idea what to do. So I brought it all together; otherwise, we'd still be there playing with ourselves.

Porn is full of a lot of gross characters who want weird scenes instead of real sex, because they have no idea how to direct real sex. So they'll try and stick a plastic dildo or a bottle up me at some strange

angle, even though women aren't shaped to take them. That's something I just don't allow. A friend of mine who makes a lot of European films tells me that the whole emphasis in American porn is on *perversions*, but on the Continent things are a lot more natural. I really wonder where their heads are sometimes.

HUSTLER: You were so magnificent in *Naked* that you'll probably have Hollywood calling. Don't you think things would be better in the "legit" film industry?

RAINS: You know, I've already made a Hollywood film—yes! They cast me as a whip woman, a dominant, in the first *French Connection*. The casting agent, a friend, told me they were looking for a girl to abuse Boffuzi; in the real story he was a masochist. I slunk into the audition, which was filled with tall, gorgeous blondes, and told them this was what I did for a living. Not too much of a lie; I had considered it, but I couldn't get into it completely. How hard should you hit a guy who gets off being hurt? How far do you go? But I knew how to dress the part. I put on my black, high boots and my red vinyl vest and a skirt that showed a lot of thigh, and invested \$15 in a whip for the occasion.

The casting people all asked a lot of questions. How many clients did I have? What did I do to them? I got them all hot, so they gave me the script. Right away I told them it was *absurd*. The girl would never call her customer, "Honey." She'd snarl at him, "You filthy scum!" He's there to be humiliated, *degraded*. Well, they hired me on the spot and I played the scene and then they cut it. William Freidkin, the director, would have left it in, but it was too strong for the times, or something.

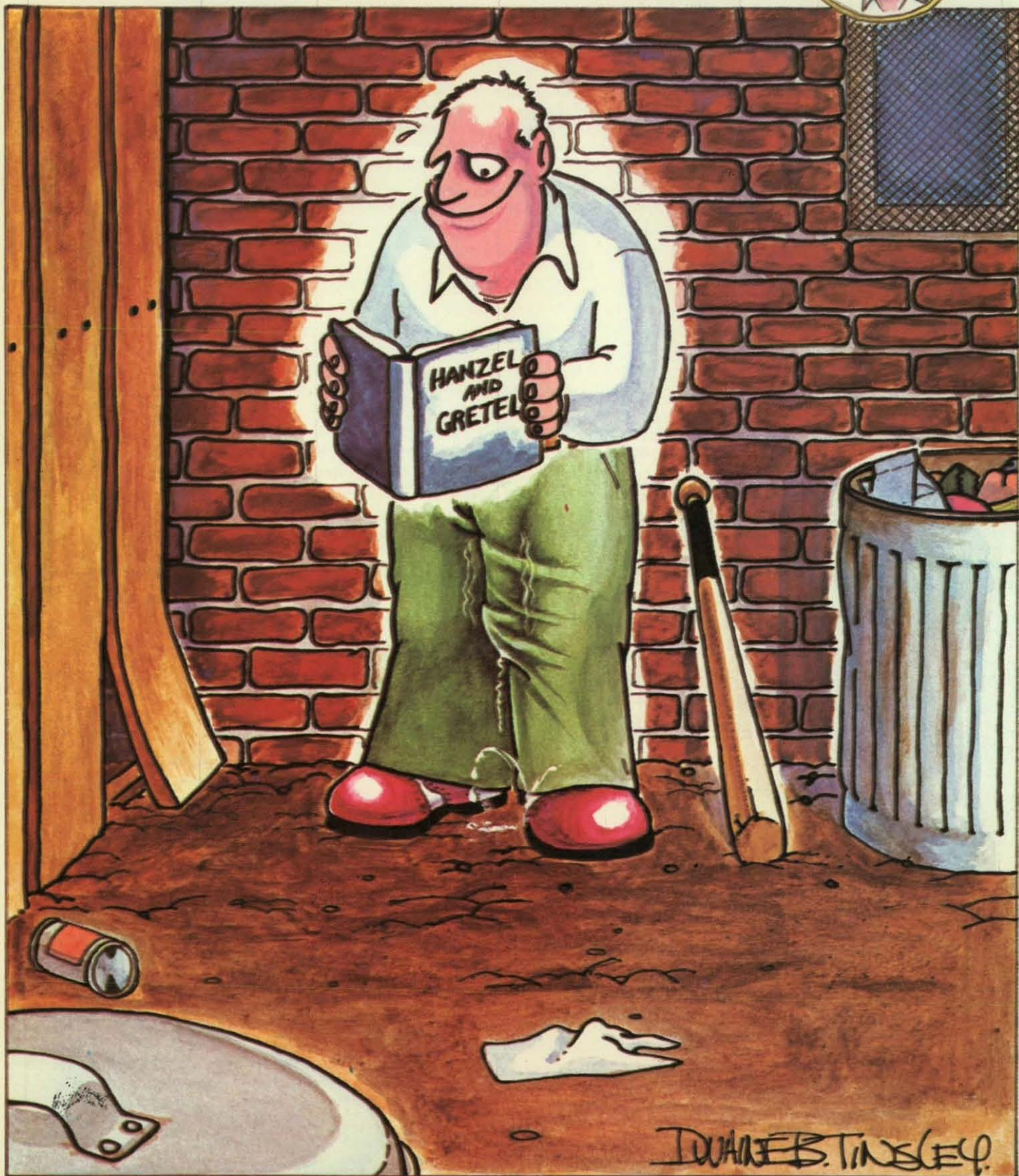
Hollywood blows it every time. I say the so-called straight film industry is responsible for the shoddy production and dumb plots in porn as much as anything else. They refuse to utilize their real freedom to give the public what it *wants*. Now everybody went crazy over that cocksucking scene in *Shampoo*; you'd think they'd take the hint. Look at the *Screw* film, *SOS*, with all those crazy stunts. Look at the business it's doing. Now why can't some big studio turn around and use this artistically?

HUSTLER: Do you think a general audience is ready for a heavy S&M trip, though? It's always been such cult stuff.

RAINS: But don't you see, that sex was really integral to the film, a real part of Boffuzi's emotional life. I've had a lot of recent experience in this field, actually. I do these private sessions, dominant sessions. I love it because it lets all the fantasies loose and brings out the actress in me. It's all part of the big rehearsal. They're so *grateful*,

continued on page 78

CHESTER THE MOLESTER



DWANE B. TINSLEY

These two movie stars (both male) got "married." The next week one got a job. As he was preparing breakfast, the other was in the bathroom for a long time. The first guy peeked in and saw his partner jacking off in a condom. "Be right out," he said, "I'm just packing your lunch."

These two guys were walking down the street when they saw a dog with his hind leg high in the air, licking away at his fat red dick. "Damn. I wish I could do that," exclaimed the first guy.

"You probably could," said the second with a grin, "but you better pet him a little, first."

HUSTLER's definition

of a tightwad pervert: Someone who would try to retread a used rubber from his dying grandmother's asshole.

Do you know how to refit an old whore? You shove a ten pound ham up her cunt. Then pull out the bone.

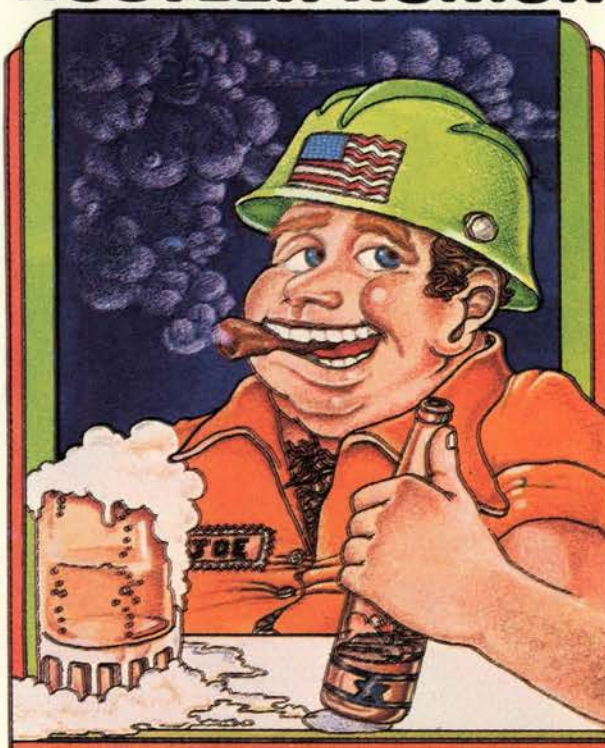
Did you hear about the well-hung male sex star who was arrested for rape and claimed temporary insanity? He claims his cock is so big that when he gets an erection it drains so much blood away from his brain that he's not responsible for his actions!

Know what the sign says above the urinal in a Polish men's room? "Please Don't Eat The Big White Mints."

HUSTLER defines Beaver Dam: A sanitary napkin.

The lad was merely to his teens,
The girl was two or three from twelve;
The lad reached down to find her crease,
But thought that hole a bit too small.
Still he pulled out his little stiff,
And pumped for all that he was able;
Climbed off proud of his accomplishment:
He'd popped the cherry of her navel.

HUSTLER HUMOR



... and if you think that's funny...

For five nights in a row a young man sitting in a bar watched as several good looking girls, alone and in groups of two or three, would walk in and in no time be picked up by the funniest looking guy he'd ever seen. "I don't understand," he grumbled to the bartender after the sixth time it happened. "Tell me—how does he do it?"

"I don't know, Joe," said the bartender. "I've watched him for weeks. He don't have looks, he's not a snappy dresser, and he don't hardly say a word. All he ever does is sit there and slowly lick his eyebrows."

A dude who didn't have much money on him walked into a cat-house

and the man in charge said: "Don't worry, man, we've got a house special...\$2.50. Down the hall, last door to your left. She'll be waiting."

The horny dude paid up and ran down the hall. When he opened the door he saw the most fantastic looking blonde he had seen in a while. She was nice and quiet, laying on her back with her legs spread apart. He ripped off his clothes and mounted her, then started pumping away like crazy. He was thinking, "Wow! Is she a good lay!"

All of a sudden he came, and when he did, cum started oozing out of her. Out of every hole she had, her nose, mouth, ears, eyes, asshole and cunt. The dude dressed in a hurry and ran and told the owner. The owner tells him not to worry and calls out to his partner, "Hey, Sam, the dead one's full again."

HUSTLER defines a willing competitor: A guy who finishes first and third in a jackoff contest.

Notice: The jokes in **HUSTLER** Humor are not necessarily new jokes, but **funny** jokes that you may or may not have heard. We do this intentionally for the benefit of all readers. If you have a joke which you feel is exceptionally funny, but which nevertheless might be an old one, don't hesitate to submit it to us. Even if we throw up on it, we'll give you \$25.00 if we publish it. Send to: Hustler Humor, 36 W. Gay St., Columbus, Ohio 43215.



Jennifer's Satin Fantasy



This is my hour of silk and satin. All day long, with my boyfriend gone, the pressure mounts and mounts. It isn't until late at night that I finally get back in touch with my mind and body.

It starts when I calmly massage every part of my body with a cool coating of sweet-smelling oil. This soothes my ragged nerves, but it also brings out my warmest desires. As my fingers casually slide along my skin, I can't help fantasizing about all the things I love that are shiny,



glossy and glisteningly moist. My hands begin to wantonly caress the soft underside of my legs. My fingers burrow deeply into the silky sheen of my tufted hair. It isn't long before my body fully responds to its natural urgings and I am carried off for a violent romp between the satin sheets of my bed.

Only after I have stroked out every wrinkle and roll, can I tenderly glide off into a blissful sleep. My hour of silk and satin is over.









HUSTLER'S HONEY / MARCH 1976





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THE COSTUME ORGY

BY DAN JONES

As we danced, Gloria said, "Let's fuck—now! We'll separate the fuckers from the fucked."

It had been quite a party. Thirty or forty couples and the drinks were flowing like water. Gloria's idea of a party was to invite fifteen or twenty of her close friends and have them invite other couples or individuals she did not know. She loved to fuck and she liked constantly meeting new people.

Gloria had my cock out, playing with it. Already hard, she began making it even harder.

The other couples stopped dancing. A woman in a ballerina costume gasped. Her partner, wearing a cowboy suit, gawked at my manhood as if he were jealous. He wore two guns on his hips, and a third, between his legs, which was beginning to rise. He opened his fly so it could stand straight with a steady aim.

Gloria went down on her knees and sucked my cock. All eyes were turned in our direction. A woman fainted, crumpling so quietly that her husband or boyfriend, engrossed in watching the cocksucking, did not notice. Gloria stopped sucking and went to the large round table which had seen more fucking than some motel beds. She had worn a hell of a costume: panties and bra. Nothing else.

The panties were so thin that her pubic hair and the indentation of her cunt could be seen through the fabric. Many of the guests had noticed it during the party—one guy was even trying to memorize it. As she reached the table, she started removing her abbreviated outfit.

Sitting on the edge, she spread her legs and said in a loud voice, "Fuck me, man—let's get the ball rolling!" She laughed. "Or, should I say *balls* rolling?"

I walked up to the table and rammed her juicy gash. As I began fucking, another woman fainted. Her male companion tried to revive her.

Perhaps I should explain Gloria's motivation. She *liked* to shock people. That was why she always asked close friends to invite strangers to her parties. Usually the swingers invited swingers but occasionally a wise-ass would invite a couple who had never been to an orgy before. This was often done for Gloria's benefit, and the inviters would generally use the

So soon? I'd hardly started! She must've been damned hot. As she trembled with her orgasm, I looked up at that ugly witch's face again and stopped moving. My penis went limp. She thought I'd climaxed and said, "Thanks for the fuck."

ANTONIO PORCHIA

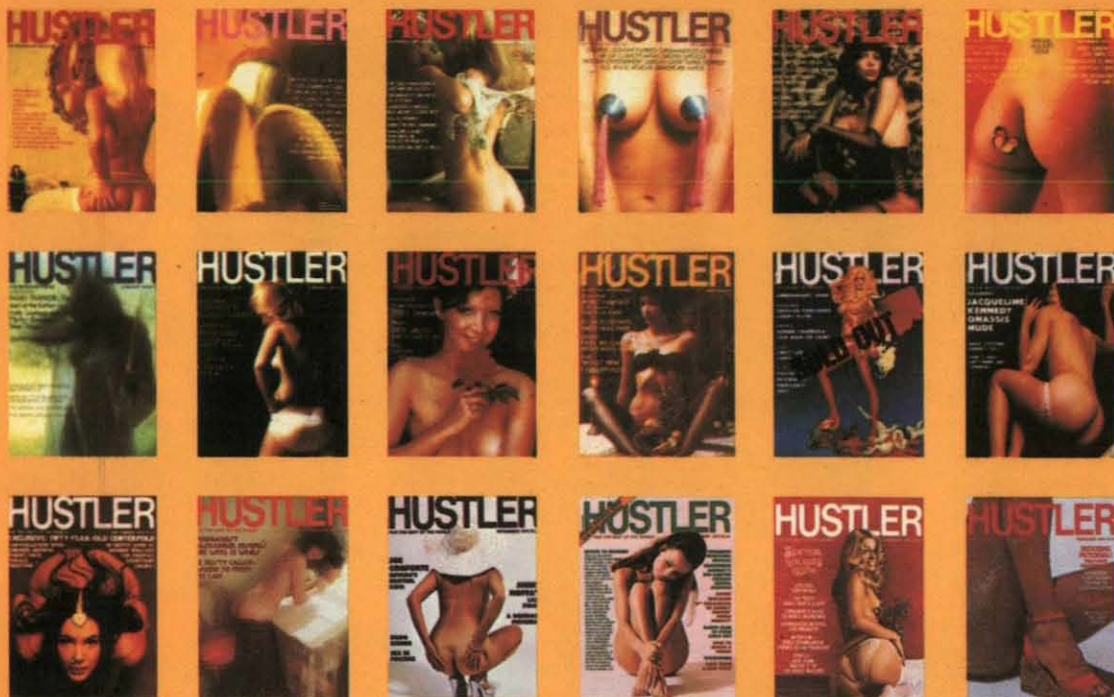
She relaxed slowly, releasing her handhold on my hair, her thighs separating. I glanced up. She lay back in the chair with



Ray Farris

"NO, I DIDN'T COME YET, BUT YOUR HUSBAND DID!"

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you're, uh, through there?" She jerked a thumb toward Linda's head as it bobbed up and down my shaft.

"You bet." Sandy and I had lived together for about three months while she looked for a decent job and an apartment. We must have fucked a hundred times and she'd sucked me off about half that many times, just as foreplay. No wonder she'd recognized my tool.

After the bartender gave Sandy her drink and she drifted into the crowd, I concentrated on Linda. Her cheeks were hollowed and those sensual lips kept tightening until they were tighter than most cunts. Her head bobbed faster and faster—

"I'm going to come," I said. Out of habit I usually told girls so they could be braced for the jet of liquid, although many could tell without any warning. "Here...it...comes..."

I stopped holding back, letting it burst into her mouth. She stopped moving her head, holding my prick tightly with her lips slightly beneath the knob. She grabbed me with her hand, jerked off the last jets and swallowed. As she finished, I saw the bartender leaning on the bar, staring.

"Lady," he said. "I'll buy your next drink!"

I slid off the bar, looking around the room, trying to find Sandy.

The party was getting wilder and wilder. A fat woman fucked herself with the end of the witch's broom. A gathering had formed

around the Astronaut. The Ballerina kept saying, "Help me find the fly."

Some of the guests had passed out. Others were stumbling around mindlessly drunk. Two women ate each other with great skill. The Angel still sat in the chair, jerking off a guy while he kissed her.

I finally found Sandy and we fucked. The Astronaut kept trying to fight off the women as if he didn't want them to find his fly. I noticed his helmet was opaque, completely hiding his face. I couldn't guess who he was. Sandy and I sat on the sofa, smoking cigarettes, watching Gloria join the group as they finally succeeded in locating the Astronaut's fly.

"He's mine," Gloria exclaimed, elbowing the Ballerina aside. The Astronaut sat down on the floor. Placing a foot on his shoulder, Gloria shoved him flat, fumbled with his fly until she found his penis and pulled it out. "Green!" she bellowed. "He painted it green!" She straddled him, laughing, and began to fuck.

The Ballerina, displaced, came to our sofa. She toyed with my pole until she had it

fully erect. She impaled herself and began a ballet on the tip. She had a great body, and watching her breasts bounce and sway, I felt my internal equipment gathering for another blast. A man in a Ghost costume began to fuck Sandy. She kept on smoking her cigarette, paying little attention to him.

The Astronaut's body stiffened, apparently with a climax. Gloria went through her orgasmic, "Ahhhhuummmmm-AAHHH!!!" almost simultaneously. She rose slowly, but the Astronaut didn't move.

"You all right?" Gloria asked.

No reply; no movement.

"Take off his helmet," somebody suggested.

Gloria unscrewed the helmet and screamed when she saw the green face, purple eyes and antennae. The creature was very still—obviously dead rather than unconscious. I speculated that maybe his spacesuit had been airtight and he wasn't accustomed to our atmosphere. Opening his fly might have been the death blow, since air could have reached his lungs and, to him, oxygen would be poisonous. Either that or he'd had a heart attack while fucking Gloria.

When Gloria stopped screaming, she shouted in horror, "I fucked a monster from another world!" She turned in a complete circle, staring at all her guests and asked in a strangled voice, "Who invited him?"

THE PHILOSOPHER

Day cannot mock him who does not mock the night.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



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FEEDBACK

continued from page 6

best looking pussies anywhere!! I'm sure HUSTLER's other readers will agree that OUR magazine would be well worth \$2.00 every month, rather than your usual \$1.75. Sure *Penthouse*, *Playboy* and others sell for less; that in itself should tell readers what they can expect from those publications.

HUSTLER may *not* have the advertising support the other mags have, but this reader is more than pleased to read a magazine that isn't filled with endless pages of ads. Is it any wonder that HUSTLER is so successful? It's the only magazine that catches and holds the reader's attention from beginning to end, women as well as men. Quite often I find myself buying two or more copies of HUSTLER each month, so I'm able to save at least one copy to read myself!

Phil A. Eason
Middletown, New York

Just a short note to let you and your company know that your Holiday-issue price increase did not even make me hesitate before picking up the December issue. If people want to make a fuss over a few fucking cents and lose the high quality, let them buy *Penthouse* and use the money they save to buy a cheap rubber. If HUSTLER goes up to five bucks, I'll lay the money down every month, because it's "my" magazine. By the way,

give yourself a raise, you old cunt-eater. You deserve it.

Brad Martin
Williamstown, W. Va.

Thank you all very much for the kind words and support. As I have said, HUSTLER's destiny is in the hands of you, the readers; both the sale of the Holiday issues and your overwhelmingly favorable letters indicate that we will be around for quite a while. Perhaps HUSTLER's reader-supported success will convince conservative advertisers and retailers that their puritanical ideas are outmoded and irrelevant.

—Larry Flynt

"APPALLING TASTELESSNESS"

I have never written a "Letter to the Editor" before—but there is always a first time. I was appalled when I saw the cartoon in your January issue which showed a woman at the White House singing, "All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Front Tits!" To say this cartoon(?) was in unbelievably bad taste would be a criterion in the department of understatement. But then, to allow it to be published undoubtedly indicates your level of "tastelessness." Indeed, the rest of the book does.

I will not allow my secretary to type this letter, as she is one of those who have fallen victim to a mastectomy—so my chicken scratches. [Ed.—The letter was hand-written.]



"I have this uncontrollable urge to sit on your face!"

As an advertiser in major media, I will keep a watch on those who deign to elicit their wares in your publication, and if I come across any advertisers who would be foolish enough to associate their names with yours, I will make it my personal crusade to seek their discontinuance. Additionally, I intend to make any and all efforts at my command to lessen the sale of your publication.

Regardless of your marketing concepts, you do not deserve to be included among those publishers who, regardless of their particular editorial and pictorial format, rate space on any magazine stand.

I don't know how much impact this one letter will have on your thinking, but if any of my staff should show me anything along the lines of an apology, I will consider that it has done some good.

If not, keep an eye on your demographics, for I as one will do my utmost to keep your publication to minimal exposure, at least in Southern California.

I do not sign this letter, as I do not wish to associate my name with gutter-type literature. Let it suffice to say that I am—

Aware
Beverly Hills, Calif.

We regret that you are too asinine to be "Aware" of the difference between satirical humor and straight political comment. Satire is a primary element in HUSTLER's editorial package, because satire enables us to laugh at all the frightful and nauseating dangers that make modern-day life such a struggle. By laughing at them, you take away their power to frighten you—and if you can't laugh at them, you might as well put a bullet through your head right now. It is precisely such attitudes as yours—that mastectomies are tasteless and grotesque, something to be hushed up—that makes many women ashamed and embarrassed to undergo the life-saving necessity of having their cancerous breasts removed. Your pompous conception of "good taste" is indirectly contributing to the deaths of thousands of women—and we happen to think that that is real tastelessness.

As for your threats to "keep us at minimal exposure" because you are a major advertiser: Do your damndest. You can't discontinue advertising that isn't there, and that's precisely why we don't solicit major advertising. We don't want any two-bit bluenoses like you trying to use their advertising dollars to pressure us as to what we can and cannot publish. We've received far more formidable threats from some real heavyweights—who at least had the balls to sign their own names to their extortion notes. And that hasn't stopped us yet. So don't expect any of the ass-kissers on your staff to be showing you any apologies from us, Mr. Major Advertiser. You'll have one hell of a long wait.

HATE MAIL

Please cancel my subscription to HUSTLER magazine.

When I ordered HUSTLER I thought I was ordering a "men's" magazine. But with the

continued on page 71

They both hated to exercise or diet...



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5. Safer and Saves Time. No more running to gyms for complicated, exhausting workouts that can strain you. This simple '5' Minute Plan, that you do at home, leaves you refreshed.

6. Weighs Only 10 Ounces. Fits any wallet size case. Stores anywhere. Travels with you so you never have to miss a slimming session. Remember, it's the daily sessions that firm, shape, and fashion you a more youthful-looking figure.

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Fasting programs, when causing weight loss, unlike our Plan usually burn off more active tissue (muscles) which can cause your skin to wrinkle, muscles to sag, and create dragging fatigue. Our Plan increases active tissue growth—through the use of the '5' Minute exerciser—while concentrating greater fat loss (by exercise and temporary 20 percent food reduction), making you look years younger as you slim. Within the first '5' minutes you use the exerciser, you start burning off fat, speeding up your metabolism to help burn up stored calories, releasing excess water. Helps curb your appetite without suppressants. Increases energy and well-being. It's so simple and enjoyable a plan to follow, we guarantee you can stay with it, remaining slim without regaining those inches and pounds. It can put an end to your "gain-and-loss-cycles."

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days — or your \$7.98 will be refunded."

EXPERTS AND CUSTOMERS AGREE:

It's the no-nonsense way to shape up fast!

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It is America's most successful body slimmer and shaper. 600,000 customers have purchased our '5' Minute Plan to slim down fast. Results are proved and some notarized. Our guarantee to you is in writing. Experts agree our plan works—and works fast. Now, can you think of any reason for not ordering your '5' Minute Body Shaper Plan and start slimming down today?

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TM

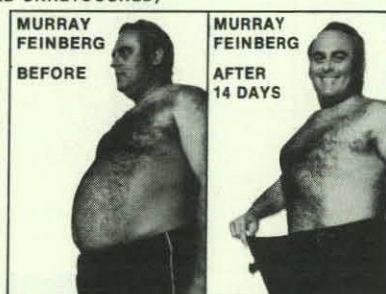


(PHOTOS CERTIFIED UNRETouched)



Weight: 134 lbs.
Waist: 36¹/₂ in.

Weight: 131 lbs.
Waist: 30 in.



Weight: 278 lbs.
Waist: 49¹/₂ in.

Weight: 253 lbs.
Waist: 45¹/₄ in.

Case #R-051

Case #R-027

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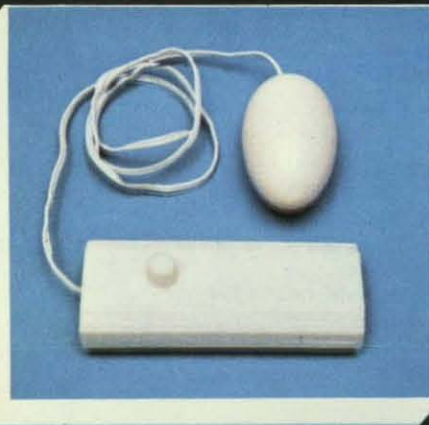
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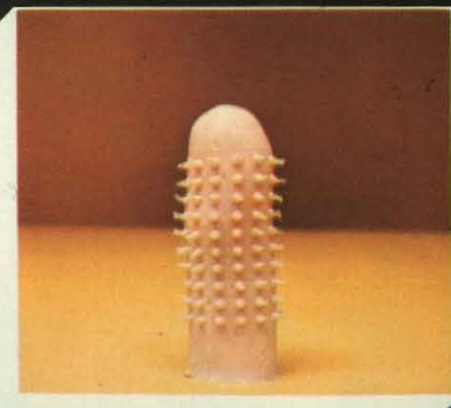
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FEEDBACK

continued from page 68

direction your magazine seems to be taking, I think I was wrong. January's issue was garbage. The pictorial features of "Dracula" and "Yesterday When I Was Young" were offensive. Several cartoons were tasteless. I'm sorry to see HUSTLER take the low road as far as men's magazines go.

Name Withheld by Request
Lima, Ohio

We don't know if you ordered your subscription sight-unseen, or you've spent your life in the Christian Science Reading Room, or what, but we canceled your subscription as requested. Anyone who would be offended by "Yesterday When I Was Young" has no business reading HUSTLER. Bye-bye!

I feel I must comment on your magazine, and your editorial viewpoint in particular. You stress time and again that you are only seeking the freedom to publish what the law will allow—but have you forgotten that when the law allows the publishing of material which is morally corrupt, the society which that law protects invariably follows the same path? Look back through history at the nations which turned to their own pleasures and to the delights of the flesh, openly and without shame: Sodom, Babylon, and Rome, to name a few. These great cities eventually fell because they became CORRUPT FROM WITHIN—morally and spiritually. Your magazine, sir, is pure filth and degradation because it dishonors the flesh which is a temple of the soul.

You and I are subject to the same laws and also to the same Creator. God says in His holy word that the pursuit of such things as your magazine advertises and encourages—namely adultery of the heart—are detestable in His sight, and the blessings which are bestowed on this nation under God will soon be withdrawn if you persist in your unwholesome efforts. Is Al Goldstein's trial "A Test of Freedom" as you said in your November Publisher's Statement? Hardly! You and Goldstein are both in bondage and slavery to a most filthy form of self-pleasure, and I'm certain you must be an avowed atheist. To publish what you do, and then to sit in church on Sunday, is the vilest form of hypocrisy the American public has to deal with. Why don't you declare your anti-Christ status as loudly as you do your determination to publish your filthy magazine, and dare to call that a test of freedom? I'm willing to bet that's one thing you REALLY don't have the BALLS to do—to face yourself and see what you are really doing.

Instead of giving a morally bankrupt public WANT, why not protect the TRUE meaning of the word FREEDOM by publishing what they NEED? They need material that turns them on to the truth of life: that God is the center of life, and that SEXUAL BONDAGE is highly offensive to this living God. For the sake of the health of this nation, I sincerely hope the law which allows the freedom of expression which you continue to violate IS REPEALED, so people don't even have

to be tempted to look at the filth you and others publish.

Bruce V. Garthe
Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.

I happen to believe that sexual pleasure is as moral, uncorrupt and God-blessed as the pointless self-denial which you promote. The freedom for both of us to hold these beliefs is guaranteed by the U. S. Constitution—a document devised by men who were tired of having self-appointed moralists, like you, dictate their "needs" to them. I sincerely hope that document—and that freedom—are never repealed.

—Larry Flynt

Better not let the National Labor Relations Board hear about your 10-minute limit. They're liable to include an hour jerk-off break in your next contract. And just what the fuck is a "go-jo machine"?

Your magazine is realistic and earthy. While it pulls no punches, there is manifested within its total contents a rash but desperate sort of compassion that smiles subtly but tensely at the pompous reigning forces of (hypocrisy) to whose final defeat it appears unequivocally dedicated. May the truth emerge triumphant!

Peter Mamuzich

Yeah...uh...Right on!


LOVE MAIL

My employees and I think that HUSTLER is the best adult magazine we have seen on the market. In fact, I am not renewing my Playboy subscription when it is due. The only thing is that I have had to make a few changes since your magazine entered our shop, such as removing the go-jo machine from the bathroom and putting up a 10-minute limit sign on the bathroom door for my studious technicians. Keep up the good work.

Jack Trudeau

HUSTLER is the sickest goddamn magazine in the world!! Congratulations!!! I love every delicious page of your filthy diarrhea!!! Please keep it "coming"!

Grant H. Hendrick
Marquette, Michigan

We've got just the "Diarrhea Dinner" for you in this month's Bits & Pieces, along with a slice of "Hair Pie" for dessert. But remember...you've got to clean your plate. 



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petula

hot to trot redhead

Of the five senses, Petula decided long ago that the sense of touch was her favorite. "Feeling things has always given me a deep satisfaction," she says. "Different textures make me feel differently. I get all warm and cuddly when I feel the soft smooth fur of a peach, and I get rough and biting whenever I'm wearing scratchy, starched clothing."





this smoldering twenty-four year old was the tennis coach at a select co-ed school near London when she was spotted by an executive of a fashion house, who quickly offered her a job as a model. Then a picture of Pet modeling a new line of winter coats was published in a national newspaper and the photographic assignments began to pour in.





As a model, Petula is very concerned about her skin. As a woman, she gives special attention to her erogenous zones, but the way to get her to do things is to make her feel good all over. "What really makes me scratch the sheets is the hard, warm body of a man," she whispers. "And the more he turns me on, the more apt I am to do whatever he demands."



continued from page 47

because I come into it with an imagination and enthusiasm that's rare. There's so much new stuff going on in the dominant scene now; it's very exciting. You can really get wild.

HUSTLER: Give me a typical session.

RAINS: Okay, a man will come to me. He's usually a wealthy businessman with, typically, a very small cock. He wants to be abused but he doesn't have the imagination to create a scene. That's where I come in. Sometimes I'll say, "Let's pretend I'm the schoolteacher and you're the fourth grader; I've just caught you looking up my skirt and I've got to punish you." I treat him with utter contempt. Maybe I'll work with another chick, who will come over with her pointed high heels and kick him in the balls while I'm leading him around on all fours with a chain. Then I'll spit on him.

They're very appreciative, but it would be so much more exciting if they knew how to play the game. They don't know how to cringe and be servile and *deserve* the humiliation. If I order a guy to suck my tit, he'll do it willingly, he won't play with the situation. See, if he resisted me, if he refused, he'd deserve even *further* punishment. Finally, I had one guy who figured this out. "You suck this tit!" I bellowed at him, and he said, "No." So I tied him down on the bed so he couldn't move his hands or legs and forced my tit into his mouth and said, "Now suck this!" and he did. Most of them just respond on a simple sexual level. But this man let his mind go and it was a real trip.

Ooohh, Honey, I'm so good! But I'm not ready to get into the whole scene of being a...well, of having a slave around the house. Someone who would do my laundry and scrub my floors, whatever I need—you know, *assign* them things to do. When there's just the two of you alone in a room with a bed and some torture toys, you really have to work at it. But there's a lot of gratification, bringing someone off like this. The other day one of my men told me I must really enjoy my job, because no one could ever act that well. That just made my little ego *shine*!

HUSTLER: Do you feel you're working out the frustrations of being humiliated in one way or another in porn? Do you feel those sessions balance things out?

RAINS: I don't feel exploited as a sexual actress. Where I feel ripped off and cheated is in films like *The \$50,000 Climax*, where I was paid \$125 for a full day's work and I had to set up the whole scene besides. Or people like Leonard Kirkman, who put a few shots of me into his film and then suckered people into paying \$5 to see it by claiming I was the star.

DARBY LLOYD RAINS



All that garbage is over when we bring out our own film, *Desdemona, Cinzano and Raw*. It's on hustling. *Desdemona* is a prostitute, but she's not the stereotype, she's in full control. She knows what she

THE PHILOSOPHER

A new pain enters and the old pains of the household receive it with their silence, not with their death.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

wants and she goes right after it. It's always gotten on my nerves that hookers have always been so generalized. I've worked as one and I still have many friends in the profession. Women who are into sex are easier to relate to, because they don't get on that bitchy, competitive level I've always hated. Even as a girl, growing up, I always got along much better with men.

HUSTLER: Do you feel an immediate sisterhood with girls in porn? Do you like sleeping with them? Rapping with them?

RAINS: I'm bisexual now. I wasn't very much into women before, a few minor experiences, but now I consider them delightful. I can get turned on equally by both sexes, by anyone who can do it well.

HUSTLER: Who was the last one who did it well?

RAINS: Now for the sick, sordid truth... I'm not the least bit promiscuous in my private life. Ha! I've found my fantasy lover and we've lived together for eight years. There is another lady; but even tho we all maintain separate apartments, we're together all the time. This fulfills me to the point where I'm really not looking for any other stimulation.

HUSTLER: That does seem a little twisted, considering your chosen profession.

RAINS: On the casual turn-on basis that I'm reaching now, I've been really aroused, physically and mentally, by one other man this whole time. Just one. I like masculine friendships and I like the porno guys. Maybe it's just that men come on to me too much. They don't take the time to be real; they're just after the conquest.

HUSTLER: Of course. It's part of your mystique.

RAINS: I understand that. I always have to keep the idea in my head that I'm a sexual person, a porn actress, and men think I'm hot to ball all the time. I have to forgive a lot, but still it's very annoying.

I used to find it so difficult to say no. In my late teens and early twenties I was a pushover. Once I gave in the first time, I never knew how to turn them off. I got into a real rut. Then I said, "Hey, this promiscuous shit ain't getting me nowhere, so what's the point?" These men weren't satisfying me, and here I couldn't even tell them I didn't want to go out. But then I toughened up.

If you want my life formula, it's this: Control is the essence of the universe. Because I'm a functioning part of the universe, my life should be orderly and controlled. This means not squandering my emotions in foolish relationships. Now I have this one goal and everything goes toward it, and I don't need any of the extra bullshit to hold me back. They're *not* gonna stop me or hold me back. Filmmaking is my life.



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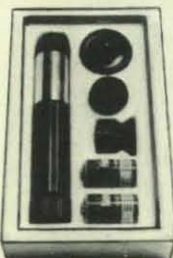
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by "Nannette"

I was babysitting with my neighbor's three kids one damp, stormy day and I was feeling as depressed as the weather. I was eighteen years old and my love life was at rock bottom. I had only had sex with one boy, and like many other girls, I had foolishly fallen in love with my first guy. I ended it a week later when I learned that he had been bragging to anyone who would listen as to how he had "gotten" me.

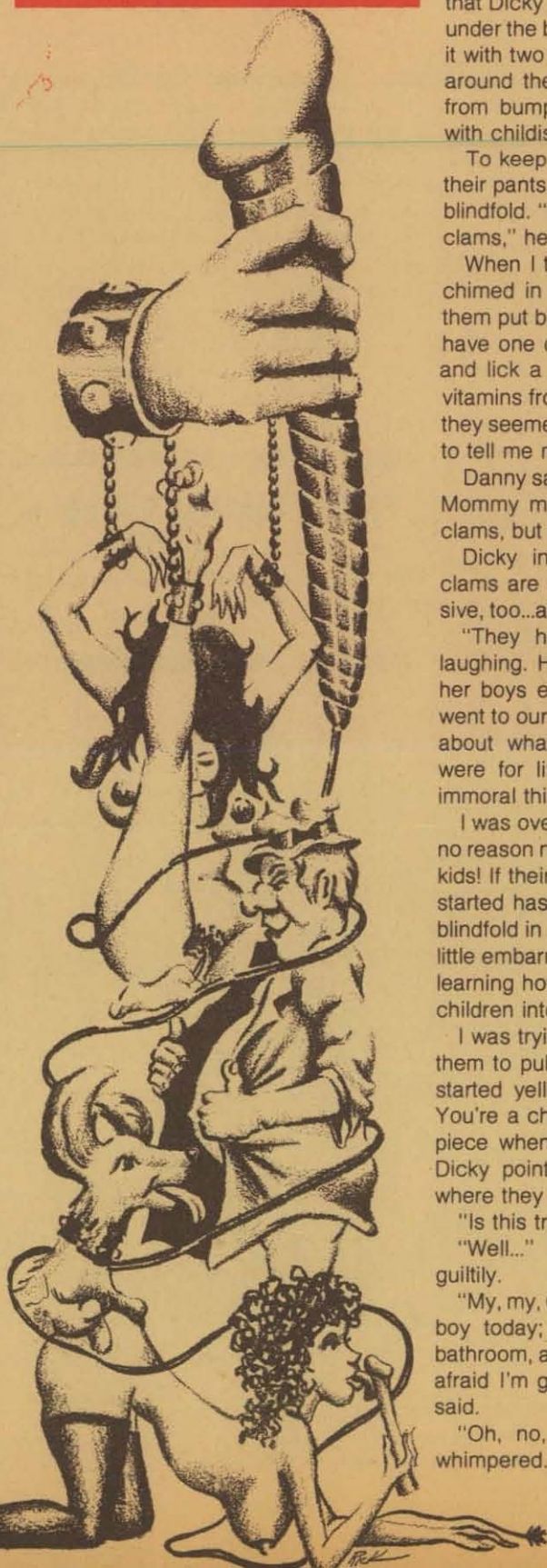
Our neighbors (the Johnsons) had a nice selection of booze, so I proceeded to get into the wine and try to dilute my tears.

After drinking about three glasses of wine I was ready to use the bathroom. I went in and found Gregggy, their thirteen year old, slamming his hard little cock up and down. He didn't see me for several seconds, he was so engrossed in his activity. However, when he did, his reaction was immediate—his pants went up from his feet to his waist in a split second! His face looked so flushed and hot you could have fried an egg on it. He mumbled something about having an itch and started to edge past me. I grabbed him and pushed him back into the bathroom and pointed to about six magazines lying on the floor, all showing provocative pictures of naked women.

"Well now, Gregggy, would you mind telling me what you were doing with those magazines if you were just itching?" I asked in a stern, motherly tone. My thoughts, though, were anything but motherly. I was thinking of his hot little cock and my aching cunt. I don't think I have ever been quite as horny as I was then. I certainly would have ripped his pants down then and there, but I envisioned him telling his mother about it. That thought almost made me groan with despair because I knew what would probably happen if I did anything. His mother, being a stuffy righteous woman, would promptly call my parents and.... So, instead of using my mouth to suck his sweet prick, I used it to tell him what a naughty boy he had been.

I went back downstairs feeling more bummed out than before. I sat in the kitchen listening to the bumps and knocks the boys made upstairs as they played, and thinking up different positions I could use the three of them in. Just then, Dicky (the ten year old) came down to ask me to join him and his

KINKY KORNER



brothers in some games they were playing. I reluctantly agreed. To make matters worse, they were wearing only their underpants. It was like holding a glass of water in front of a man dying of thirst. I didn't see how I could keep from grabbing their cocks.

It was after about two games of monopoly that Dicky got a small piece of leather from under the bed and put it over his eyes, tying it with two strings. He then started walking around the room seeing if he could keep from bumping into things, and squealing with childish delight when he succeeded.

To keep my mind off the small bulges in their pants, I asked Dicky where he got the blindfold. "From Mom, to use when we lick clams," he replied.

When I told him to tell the truth, Gregggy chimed in that their mother always made them put blindfolds on, and then she would have one of them get down on his knees and lick a clam, 'cause he'd get a lot of vitamins from it. I could hardly believe what they seemed to be implying so I asked them to tell me more about the "clam."

Danny said, "Well, I don't really know why Mommy makes us wear blindfolds to lick clams, but she does."

Dicky interrupted his brother, "Those clams are real special and they're expensive, too...and they even have hair on 'em!"

"They have hair on them?" I asked, laughing. Here Mrs. Johnson was having her boys eat her out! Mrs. Johnson, who went to our church and was always talking about what filthy animals those hippies were for living together and doing other immoral things. What a hypocrite she was!

I was overjoyed because now there was no reason not to go ahead and fuck with the kids! If their parents found out about it and started hassling me, I'd simply dangle the blindfold in front of their eyes. It would be a little embarrassing for them to have people learning how Mrs. Johnson had turned her children into muff divers.

I was trying to think of an excuse to get them to pull down their pants when Dicky started yelling at Gregggy, "You cheated! You're a cheater! Nannette, he moved his piece when he thought I wasn't looking." Dicky pointed down at the game board where they had been playing.

"Is this true, Gregggy?" I asked him.

"Well..." he mumbled, looking down guiltily.

"My, my, Gregggy, you've been a very bad boy today; first, doing that thing in the bathroom, and now cheating at games. I'm afraid I'm going to have to punish you," I said.

"Oh, no, please don't, Nannette," he whimpered.

(continued)

“I found myself on the verge of coming from whipping his little red ass.”

"No more talking, young man. Take down your pants." He reluctantly did as I instructed. I went to the closet and got one of his father's leather belts. Then to the amazement of Gregggy, Dicky and Danny, I stepped out of my pants and stripped off my blouse. Their eyes bulged out at the sight of my juicy slit. I then instructed Gregggy to face me and bend over so his nose was practically in my cunt. I told him to put his finger up my slit and his spanking would hurt less. I didn't think he would believe this, but to my surprise—and extreme delight—he did. I leaned over his back and proceeded to slap him with the belt, not too hard, just enough to give a sting. Every time I slapped him with the belt he lurched forward a little and his finger would move deeper inside my pussy.

I had used the whipping as an excuse to get his pants off, but now I found myself on the verge of coming from whipping his little

red ass. I stopped for a second and grabbed ahold of his wet hand and shoved it in and out of my cunt at the rhythm I wanted, then I let go and ordered him to continue. Within twenty seconds I came so hard that I almost fell down. Gregggy thought he had hurt me, I was moaning so loud. None of the boys spoke (they couldn't, not with their mouths open as wide as they were).

I looked down and to my delight I found Gregggy's prick was hard and staring back at me. "My, my," I said. "We're going to have to do something about that." I went down on

THE PHILOSOPHER

When your suffering is a little greater than my suffering I feel that I am a little cruel.

ANTONIO PORCHIA



"Where's your manners, Sam? Don't you know you're supposed to stand when a lady leaves to go to the bathroom?"

my knees and took him on with my mouth, which was as hot as my cunt. I sucked him in and out of my lips for only about two minutes before he started saying, "You...you...better stop now... I think I'm... gonna do something like I do when I touch myself a lot... Did you hear me Na...Nan-nette? You better stop before...before... uyhh!" For a little guy, he really surprised me; it felt like I had my mouth over a hot water tap when he came. I hungrily gulped down every drop.

I was now ready to come again. Feeling his small body shiver in ecstasy had made me as horny as before. A new idea came into my head.

I ordered Dicky to get some vaseline from the bathroom, while I shoved Danny in between my legs and told him to lick. As he rapidly worked his tongue, I explained we were going to make a sandwich with me as the meat and them as the buns.

Danny looked up at me, his little face glistening, and said, "Your slot tastes and feels like Mommy's clams!"

"Yes, I bet it does, and it even has more vitamins," I said. Hearing that, he again buried his face in my sweet meat. I put some vaseline on my finger and shoved it up my ass. Then I placed Gregggy under me, since he had the biggest cock. I had Dicky plunge his pud up my ass, and instructed Danny to kneel in front of me and slide his cock between my waiting lips.

Of course, it took a while to work up to the proper rhythm, since none of us had ever tried such a thing before, but, with time, the brothers were sliding their meat like experts. I thought my cunt would burst wide open, I came so hard. In a few minutes I was ready again and so were the brothers.

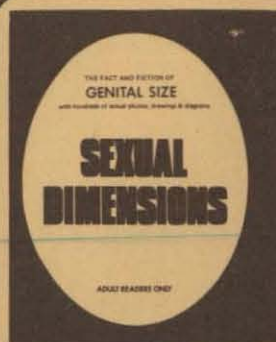
I heard Dicky give a loud gasp, and the inside of my ass was suddenly slippery. Still he kept pumping away, trying for his third orgasm; I wished him luck. Underneath me I could hear Gregggy gasping. And since I had been giving Danny a Class A blowjob, I figured he would probably come just as Gregggy let loose. Sure enough, when Gregggy shot his juice up my twat, Danny flooded my mouth with hot cum.

At my urging, Gregggy fucked me a little longer until I was completely satisfied.

We played cards for an hour until their parents came home. After they paid me for babysitting (I felt like I should have paid them!), I told Mrs. Johnson that her boys sure knew a lot about clams. Her face turned bright red as I walked out.

I never got into trouble for all the fun I had that day, but unfortunately, I was never asked to babysit at the Johnsons' again.

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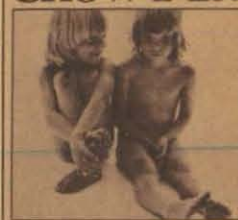
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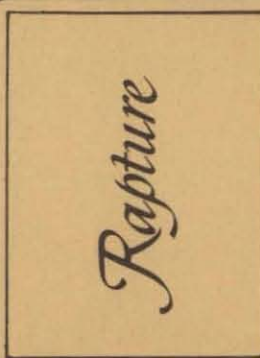
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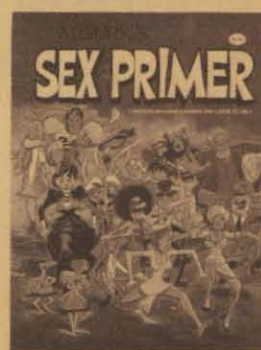
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HUSTLER PROFILE

JOSEPH 'YELLOW KID' WEIL

KING CON

Millions of movie fans are familiar with the plot of the Redford-Newman block-buster film, *The*

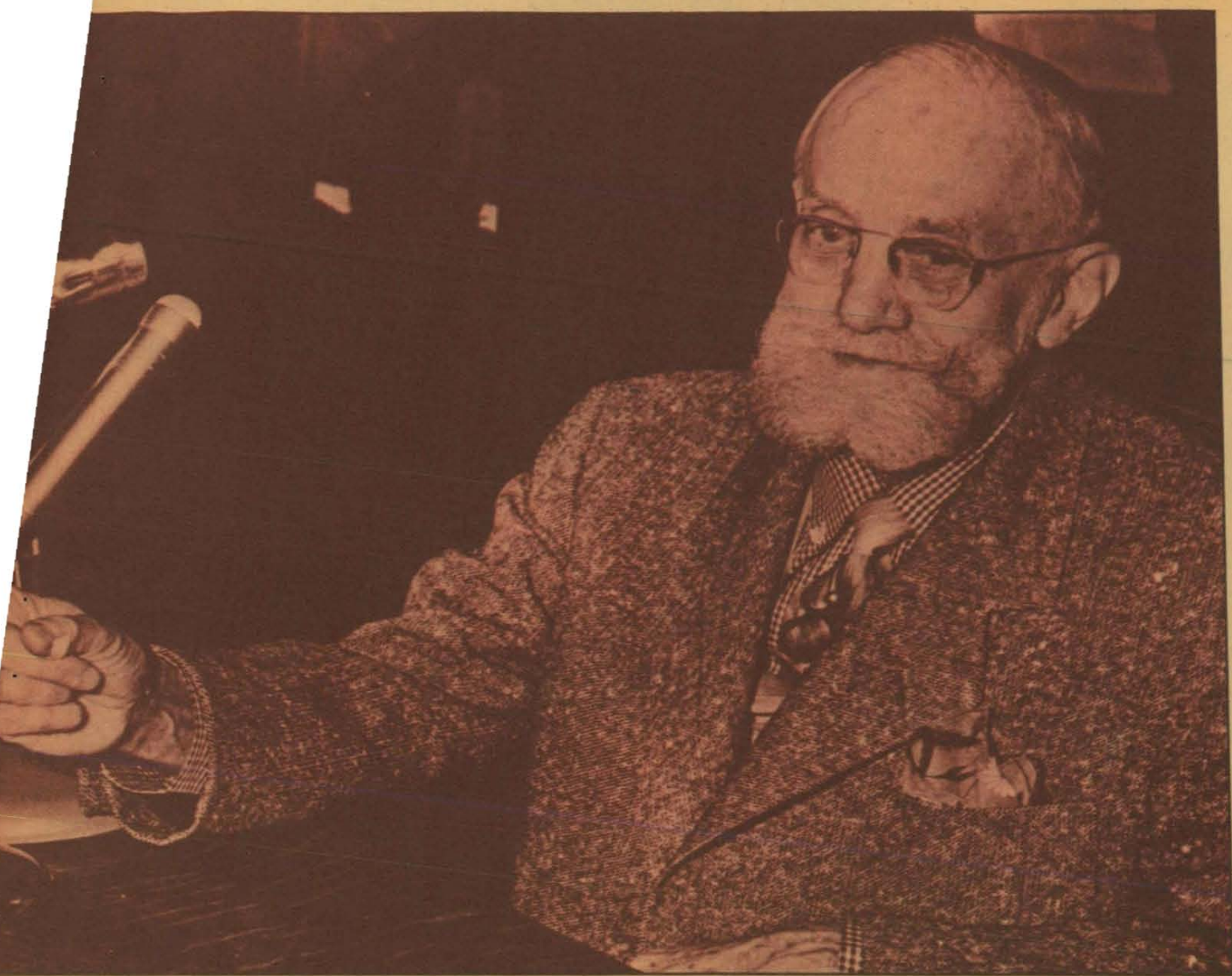
Sting, and with its central scene, where a greedy crook, out for a quick killing on a "fixed" horse race, is actually fleeced by two con men with a fake handbook setup. However, most movie-goers aren't aware that such an incident actually took place during the Roaring Twenties in Chicago.

by James L. Spurlock

colorful underworld of grifters, swindlers and con men in *The Sting*, Weil perfected the fine art of parting fools from their money—to the tune of \$8 million. "To grow wealthy, you have to do something," Weil said, on his 100th birthday in June, 1975. "I had to steal. If I had it to do all over again, I'd be foolish if I didn't."

This scam was originated by one Joseph Weil, widely known as "Yellow Kid." The prototype for the





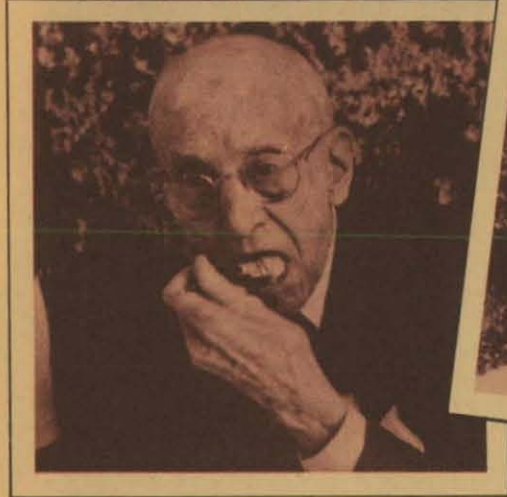
Joseph "Yellow Kid" Weil was a thorough man, and in running his phony handbook con—only one of many "big cons" in his long and lucrative career—he didn't settle for simply suckering his victims on the "fixed" race alone. The Kid went all the way and sold his "mark" the equipment that was supposedly tapping and delaying the winning wire messages to the local bookie joint. However, this con was too good to remain secret, and as the word got around, Weil dropped it due to competition.

"Every profitable idea I ever originated for

trimming wealthy men was sooner or later copied by others," says the Kid, "and this was the case with the race information wiretapping bit. At one time, hundreds of small-time con men were working it in one form or another. They advertised openly for victims. I recall one day when a leading Chicago newspaper ran more than two hundred of these ads in its classified section."

Even this elaborately-detailed setup was just a passing point on the way up from shilling for a patent medicine man and

touting at Chicago area race tracks in the Gay Nineties. The patent medicine bit, one of Weil's earliest, involved selling Meriweather's Elixir in partnership with Doc Meriweather, who wore a Van Dyke beard, pince-nez glasses, black trousers, a black frock coat with extra-long tails, and a flowing black cravat that covered half his shirt front. Accompanied on a travelling wagon by Indians and dancing girls, the devious duo pushed Meriweather's Elixir, guaranteed to cure the fad disease of the day, tapeworms.



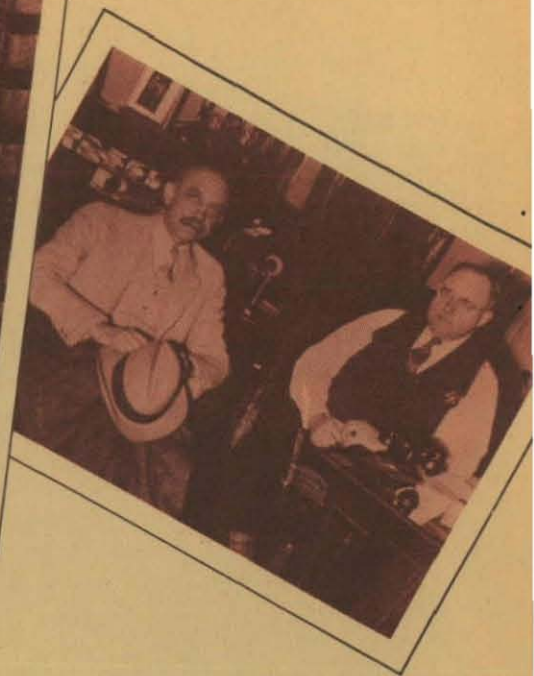
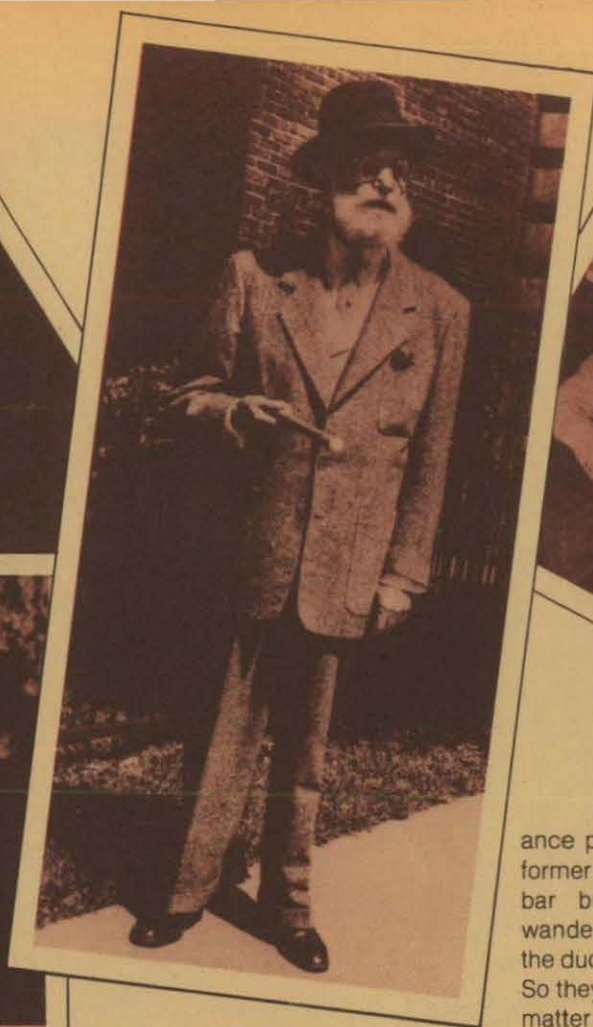
"There is a widely accepted theory that crime does not pay. This may be true in many cases, but it was not always true in Chicago."

—Yellow Kid Weil

The Kid's favorite hangout during his heyday was the Randolph Street saloon of "Bathhouse" John Coughlin, Alderman of Chicago's First Ward, a large fellow who affected brocaded vests and two-gallon silk hats and attempted to build a reputation as a composer and a poet, though it was commonly believed that his material was ghost-written. There was such a big demand for champagne at Bathhouse's joint that behind the bar he always kept four washtubs filled with ice, in which bottles of four brands of champagne were kept doused.

Bathhouse gave the Kid his nickname after Weil's favorite comic strips, "Hogan's Alley" and "The Yellow Kid," when he thought a fellow named Hogan and the Kid were responsible for taking his bar boy with a "standing egg" trick. The bar boy, Tommy Chamale, later became a millionaire banker.

According to the Kid, he was no stranger to the bar business. The way Weil tells it, one New Year's night he and an acquaint-



ance purchased a saloon for \$300 from a former safecracker who was bored with the bar business. When customers came wandering in and asked for mixed drinks, the duo didn't have the knowledge to oblige. So they soft-talked all the imbibers and, no matter what the request, they put in a little of each bottle they had, continuing to act as if they were seasoned barkeeps and everything was perfectly normal. The Kid claimed there were no complaints, business boomed and a major brewer backed them in a larger establishment which featured their "secret" concoctions.

"The success of my schemes was largely due to the build-up," he later recalled. "No matter what difficulties we encountered later, the victim's resistance had already been broken down, he was thoroughly convinced of my authenticity at the beginning and did not stop later to check on any questionable developments."

These events fit right in with Weil's view of what a con man's leisure life style should be. "Between victims, most con men spend their time in dissipation," he opined. "If one makes a big score, he throws a party for his friends."

Having his own bar must certainly have cut down on his costs.

Weil said he once threw a party that began at midnight on a Saturday when he hired a dozen cabs to take the casts of two stage shows to a road house outside St. Louis. The employees and a ten-piece band were persuaded to stay for the duration, and great quantities of food and gallons of wine were consumed as the festivities lasted until Monday afternoon.

I was the most successful confidence man who ever lived.... I played more roles in real life than an actor ever dreams of.

There had to be a source of funds to cover the tabs for these flings and the bill for Weil's attire—which once included a frock coat, gates-a-jar collar, mauve cravat, dove gray spats, silk checkerboard socks, white silk shirt, cream silk waistcoat embroidered in lavender forget-me-nots and a golden tweed topcoat.

"People say that I was the most successful and the most colorful confidence man who ever lived," the Kid once said, and then went on to give his version of why he was able to pull off his myriad of mirages successfully.

"There is a good reason why I was regarded as being in a class by myself. The fact is I played more roles in real life than the average actor ever dreamed of. The actor has a script carefully prepared for him in advance, but I made my own scripts as I went along, depending upon my wits for any contingency. To do this successfully—as I did for half a century—I had to possess a vast store of general knowledge and know the rudiments of many professions."

Weil claimed he was the first to con victims by phone and tout stocks with a newsletter, but his cons ran the gamut of situations and locations, though his main victims were bankers and big-money men. He took a banker from Indiana for \$200,000, a banker from Omaha for \$250,000, and a financier from New York for \$350,000.

A self-taught expert on high finance, Weil unloaded hundreds of thousands of dollars of worthless stock. He also salted mines and sold alleged concessions at racetracks for everything from maintenance contracts to hot dog vending.

"Lies were the foundations of my schemes," the Kid later recalled. "A lie is an allurements, a fabrication that can be embellished into a fantasy; it can be clothed in the rainments of a mystic conception."

"Truth is a cold, sober fact, not so comfortable to absorb. A lie is more palatable. The most detested person in the world is the one who always tells the truth, who never romances."

"If a lie is told often enough, even the teller comes to believe it."

One scam he had for getting suckers to finance the secret training of a horse that was supposedly going to be switched with another had to be scrapped when the horse

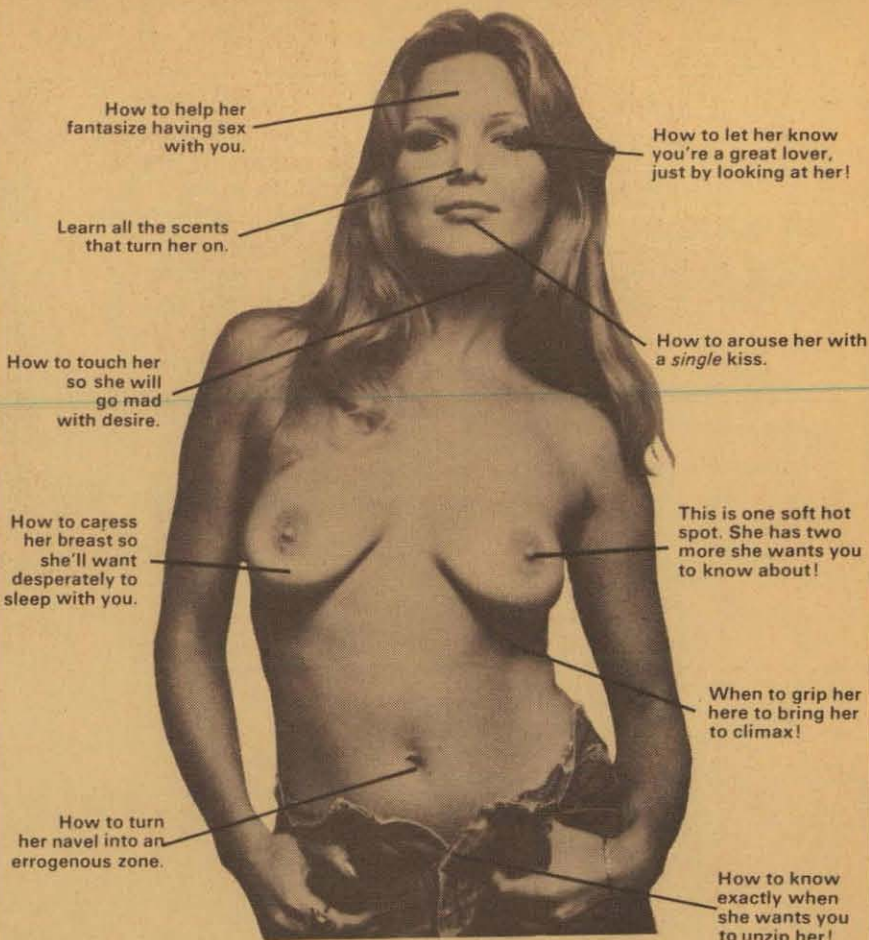
THE PHILOSOPHER

Yes, I will try to be. Because I believe that not being is arrogant.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

MARCH

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actually turned out to be a winner. Weil was forced to unload the horse and abandon exotic training devices he had planned to sell to the suckers, such as a special track sprinkler and an electric-powered jolter.

But one of the Kid's most successful schemes involved a setup that left the Law trying to find a handle for a bust—the Kid was giving away land.

"He who pretends to be fabulously wealthy, although he may be in need, may in the course of time convince himself that he is rich."

—Yellow Kid Weil

Colonel Jim Parker was a former Mississippi steamboat gambler with a walrus mustache, Stetson hat, cutaway coat, and a soft, convincing drawl, who was in need of money to go with his impressive appearance. Weil, as always, had an angle.

Word quickly got around Chicago that the Colonel and the Kid were giving away free land in Michigan. Of course, there was a catch.

The land was worthless and the unlikely partnership was collecting a kickback of half the exorbitant recording and abstract fees being charged by the Colonel's cousin,

who was recorder and county clerk. After expanding the scheme to include a land company facade that claimed it would purchase worthless land but that the sucker sellers had to have an abstract from another phony company, the Kid got out of the land business. However, Weil later claimed that the Colonel got involved in a legitimate Florida development and, using his old pitch methods, became a wealthy man.

Finally, as the years went by with a continuous string of schemes, the Kid decided to call it a career and go straight. It wasn't that he had lost his touch—although he had been conned himself, and by a woman at that! The young lady, who called herself Contesse de Paris, had gotten a \$10,000 loan from the Kid (supposedly to ransom the life of her brother, the Duke

THE PHILOSOPHER

I love for the sake of what I loved, and
what I loved I would not go back to
loving.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

d'Orleans) against some paste diamonds, and had promptly disappeared. "Nearly every con man is a sucker for a pretty face and a neat figure," was the Kid's only comment.

The prison end of his profession hadn't bothered the Kid that much. Sure, he had been in the federal slammer three or four times and claimed he went through 487 lawyers, including famed attorney Clarence Darrow, who gave him the advice: "Get out of town." In fact, he and a cohort, "Old John" Snarley, once drove one-hundred miles out of their way to admire a new penitentiary.

However, there were other aspects of a con man's career that weighed on Weil. Two thugs, apparently tipped by a cohort, had hijacked the Kid's partner in a boxing con and, after taking \$25,000 from his money belt, tied him to a train track to be run over. Fortunately for the fellow, the thugs were ignorant of railroads and the track was a sidetrack, so he was later rescued, shaken but unharmed.

This event bothered the Kid, who said, "One thing is very important to the successful con man: honor. This may sound strange, but it's true. I don't know how much truth there is to the old saying about honor among thieves, but it is an absolute necessity among con men."

A heavier moment for the Kid had been when he was accused of the murder of a chauffeur he had just hired; the unlucky chap had been found slumped over his steering wheel. Weil beat the rap only after alleged witnesses couldn't identify him. But the King of the Con Men was also to come to realize that the *straight* life wasn't all it was cut out to be.

"There is a widespread notion that a clever swindler could be a great success if he turned his talents to legitimate channels. I say nothing is further from the truth, for when a con man invests his money in a legitimate business, he loses."

—Yellow Kid Weil

The Kid once claimed that he bought a hotel and lost over \$750,000 trying to run it legitimately. Weil's story was that when word got around as to who owned the joint, every con man and crook in town moved in and proceeded to bounce checks and practice whatever else was their usual stock in trade. There was no help from the Law, which viewed the hotel as a haven for criminals.

Another of the Kid's complaints was that he was the first to use premium coupons to move merchandise and that he had to sell

continued on page 92

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THE MAN RESPONSIBLE FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Robert Chartham is the author of a dozen books on sexology with world wide sales of over 9 million translated into eleven different languages. He has been a sex counsellor for 40 years and has his own clinic in London, England, where he receives over 4,000 letters a year from all over the world. He also lectures on sexual psychology at many British Universities, has spoken on television in both America and Britain, and was the pioneer of sex education for teenagers in the U.K.

THE FACTS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Dr. Chartham's interest in the possibility of increasing penile dimensions caused him to investigate such alleged methods as were already in existence. To this end he was able to call on the assistance of a number of men who have helped him in other experiments.

His initial research showed that the fantastic claims made by many of these methods were backed by no concrete evidence whatsoever and experiments proved them virtually useless. However, two methods did succeed in producing some improvement - the Magnaphall Course and the Vacuum Developer.

The improvements gained by the former were slight but permanent and also resulted in a much firmer erec-

tion. The Vacuum Developer produced considerable improvement, but only of a temporary nature. Various models of these were tested but some were found to be positively dangerous in use, with the result that Dr. Chartham decided on one of his own design.

He next tested these two methods in conjunction with each other and achieved considerable success.

Further research enabled Dr. Chartham to incorporate additional improvements in order to combine them to the best possible advantage. The result was an entirely new method of penile development.

He then conducted controlled tests with 15 men of varying age groups. The following results are exactly as stated in his report.

"Of the 15 who took part, 3 were aged 21, 23 and 24 respectively; 4 were between 28 and 35; 5 were between 40 and 45 and 2 were 51 and 54 respectively. The 21 and 23 year olds added up to $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in length and $\frac{3}{4}$ " in girth. The 24 year old added $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in length and just over $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in girth. The 28s to 35s added between $\frac{3}{4}$ " to $1\frac{1}{2}$ " in length and between $\frac{1}{2}$ " and $\frac{3}{4}$ " in girth. The 40s to 45s were within the same limits, though one added $1\frac{1}{2}$ " to length and an inch to girth. The 51 year old added $\frac{3}{4}$ " to length and an inch to girth, and the 54 year old put on $\frac{3}{4}$ " in length and just over $1\frac{1}{4}$ " in girth.

A latecomer to the tests was a man in his early 60s, whose measurements were already $6\frac{1}{2}$ " in length and 5" in girth, yet produced the surprising results of 1.3" in length and 0.7" in girth by the time all had completed the course, though he carried it out for one month less than the rest."

These results are even more amazing than at first appears.

First, there was not a single failure in any age group. Secondly, the increases both in length and circumference are quite remarkable when one considers them in perspective. To appreciate what an increase in girth of $\frac{3}{4}$ " means, take a tape measure and curl the end over to make a circle of $4\frac{1}{4}$ " (roughly average penis circumference) then move it out to $5\frac{1}{2}$ ". The difference in length can be shown by holding a ruler against the length of your own erect penis and imagining another 1" added.

SOME QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ABOUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD

Q. Why should a man wish to increase the size of his penis, when all the books say that size doesn't matter?

A. It is a fact that the size of a man's penis does not physically affect his sexual performance or his ability to give satisfaction to his partner. Dr. Robert Chartham, has for over 30 years attempted to convince worried men that their feelings of penile inferiority were unfounded. However, of recent years he has come to the conclusion that, psychologically, the size of a man's penis is of vital importance to him and, that no amount of assurance will convince the underdeveloped man that he can be the sexual equal of his more well endowed neighbour. Neither is it possible to convince the average woman that a larger penis will not necessarily afford her more sexual enjoyment. The penis is the symbol of man's masculinity and any fears as to its dimensions being inadequate can be extremely damaging to his sexual confidence. On the other hand, the man who is well endowed in this respect has every confidence in his lovemaking.

Q. What does the Chartham Method consist of?

A. The Chartham Method consists of the course manual, containing detailed and illustrated instructions as to the exercises, manipulations and massage, together with the Vacuum Developer, which is used in conjunction with these. There are no drugs or medications. The instruction manual has been written by Dr. Chartham himself in clear and concise language, making it simple for anyone to follow. The specially designed Vacuum Developer is made of clear material so that you can actually see the penis expanding during use. This

model has been specially constructed so that no harm can be done to the penis by its use, according to the instructions. The course needs to be carried out for 12 weeks in order to obtain maximum results.

Q. How does the Chartham Method work?

A. Expressed as briefly as possible, the rationale of the Chartham Method lies in stimulating the circulation to increase the supply of blood to the genital region; in promoting the elasticity and expansile properties of the vascular tissue of shaft and glans; and in enabling the subject to achieve positive control of normally involuntary muscle action.

Q. Are there any side effects to the Chartham Method?

A. Yes. Use of the Chartham Method invariably results in a stronger and firmer erection and the great majority of users report that they are able to hold an erection for longer periods than before taking the course.

Q. Is the Chartham Method suitable for me?

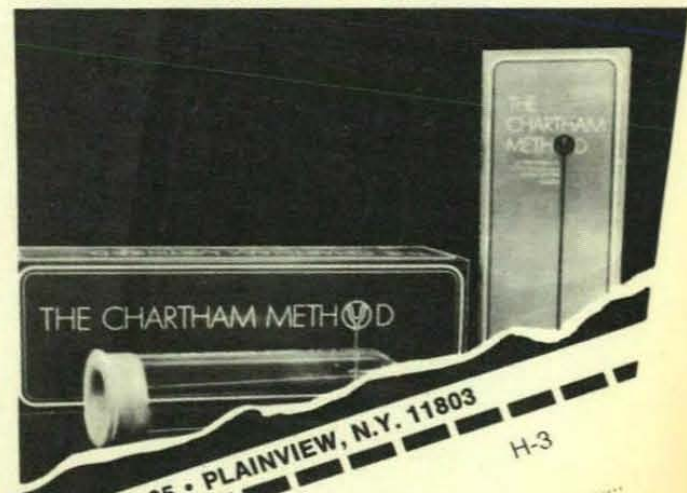
A. Yes, if you are in a reasonable state of health and wish to increase your penis dimensions. No, if you suffer from heart trouble or any condition whereby you cannot safely indulge in moderate exercise.

Q. What is the cost of the Chartham Method?

A. The total price is \$39.95, includes postage and handling. Available only thru the mail.

The instruction manual is printed in English, German, Italian and French.

IF NO RESULTS ARE ACHIEVED AFTER CARRYING OUT THE CHARTHAM METHOD A FULL REFUND WILL BE MADE ON ITS RETURN TO US.



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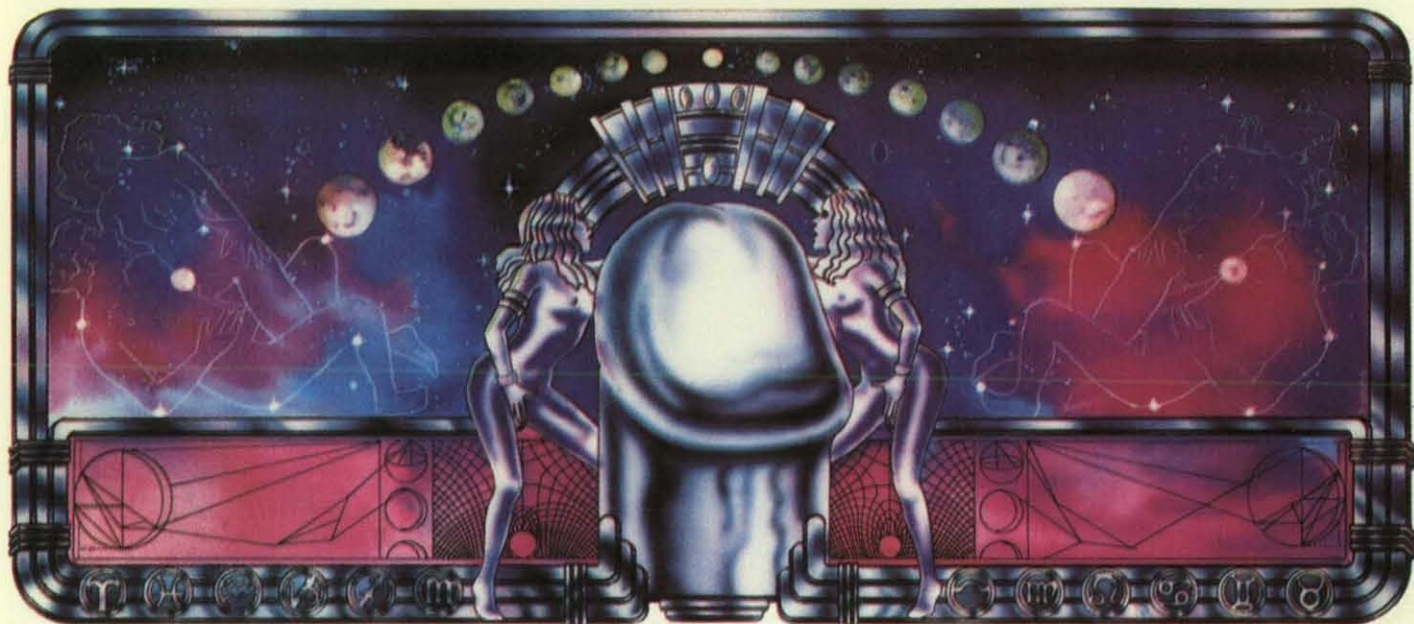
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HUSTLER'S ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE TO SEX & MONEY



by Fickling

PISCES (February 19 — March 20)

"Bull Shots" are in order this month for Pisces. Taurean babes are your meat and drink at the moment. Bust loose with your feverish spring fever and get a nice pink-tipped fully-blown Taurus bust in your mouth—and munch to your heart's desire.

During your birthday period you need more *immoral* and emotional courage than ever, so corral yourself a Bull gal who will help lift you out of the doldrums.

If you can find a suitable Taurus gal, she will probably take you for long walks through her smogless garden or root tomboyishly for you, no matter what the hell you are running for—or from. Between the sheets you need an expert to dissolve your frustrations. Find one who will feel, fondle and fiddle with every part of your body like some sexual mechanic who knows how to grease your joy stick, suck your main line dry and mount your chassis with a hard drive.

Money continues to be a tough-titty proposition and you may be losing more than you make, spending too damned much on frivolous projects, and giving away the bucks you promised you would put aside on gambles you shouldn't be making now. You are being unduly influenced by the heart instead of the old bean, and this could spell a lot of trouble in the months to come if you don't grab yourself by the jock strap and tighten up the money belt.

Start acting like a shark instead of a minnow. Before your friends can put the "bite" on you, sink your "jaws" into them and don't let these predatory SOB's gobble you up.

Don't put the hex on '76! Put the flex in your 7-inch dick. If you want to be so damned beneficent, why not donate your talents to a few girls who might enjoy your penis more than the monetary peanuts you love to scatter around.

If you can't rope a Bull gal, try a cuddly, cuntly Cancer. These broads don't like to play games—they get to the source of the problem immediately. They're the plumbers of sexuality. If your nuts are frozen, they'll burn 'em loose with a hot weld. If your pipe is leaking, they'll seal it with a shot of their "full-moon-boom."

Take this advice, Pisces! Kiss the girls and make them sigh. Piss on the idiots and make them scream "Fie!"

ARIES (March 21 — April 20)

Ram—not ham—it up this month. Put it where it belongs and quit dreaming about it. March, 1976, is the month when you Aries are going to start planning for the next few months and the summer. Don't make this a bummer of a summer and fail to lay your plans or girlies out solidly. The charts show you may blow this coming "fun time" by dreaming too much and "creaming" too little. The little gal you have penciled into your plans needs some attention now, as well as later. Feed her your choice filet, not shit. Concentrate on money matters at hand, rather than rainbows lurking brightly over the horizon.

TAURUS (April 21 — May 20)

Study business deals this month as closely as you would a wide-open twat. Don't just leap into what looks like a good proposition, expecting to lap up the profits, because you may loathe yourself afterwards. Taurean charts are not particularly strong right now and suggest you lay low with your money, but high with your "Honey." Don't be so damned uptight, except in matters dealing with virgin pussies. Now is the time to find a real unfettered hot piece of Pisces and stoke her furnace until it is fiery red. Prediction: bucks, no; fucks, yes!

GEMINI (May 21 — June 20)

Gemini charts look like an out-of-season Florida hurricane. Just kiss a girl and you could contract a dose of clap. Stare at a pretty dame and you'll find yourself in a divorce court. Your double image seems to be verging on double-trouble, and a friendly neighborhood girl friend might be "fuzzed" even if you tip your hat. Who knows what might happen if you drop your drawers—even if you're a cabinet maker. Our funds and funs are not going to be too pleasurable this month unless you are prepared to weather a few storms.

CANCER (June 21 — July 21)

President Ford and you Cancerians are still hanging on to the Point of No Return and loving it. Lord knows you haven't had the best of luck for the last few months, but you don't seem to be too concerned and your charts are beginning to look up (many Cancerians would rather look up champagne-bottle-filled assholes and prick-filled twats than a Dow Jones upsurge). Classic situation: full moon reflected off an icy March field. Most of you guys will be fencing with a rollicking redhead. Ford will be fencing with Ronald Reagan. Ride the cock horse!

LEO (July 22 — August 21)

Tail twisting time is here and best you avoid it, because, as you know, it hurts both ways. This is a tough period for you oft-times angry Lions. You may have to swallow shit if you give same in the beginning of the argument, or at the end when someone may cram his or her ass in your face. More than ever you ought to analyze your sex life, business position, and just plain where the hell you stand—or have been lying. No sense in beating your "head" against the wall; stick it someplace where it will do you and some hot twats some good. Right now, curb those jealous fits!

VIRGO (August 22 — September 21)

Your bountiful charts have suddenly drained as thin as the "Invisible Man" and the fabulous bursts for Virgo in the latter months of 1975 are almost over. If you didn't take advantage of Virgo-Nova,

then hang in for what's left. Money is still good and should be pursued diligently and without the old "forget-it" attitude. If you ignored the blonde in your office who has been smiling at you, take her behind the water cooler. Five gets you ten she doesn't wear underpants. Your gambling instinct remains strong and you should win a few horse races. Stay away from the whores' asses.

LIBRA (September 22 — October 22)

March always has been a tough period for you good/evil weight lifters and you are going to have to work harder than ever to keep yourself and those close from sinking into a shit fit. Somehow you are trying harder and liking it even less than last Christmas when St. Prick instead of St. Nick came calling. Stand up openly (as you always do) and straighten a few people out, but try to avoid getting hurt. Sexually, you are in tune, so fiddle around with one of your own kind this month—a sweet, sensuous Libra doll. "Just-ass for all" is the Libra slogan!

SCORPIO (October 23 — November 21)

Keep thinking *positive*. It's working! Your charts are up and burning bridges. Despite unusual activity from weird sources, you are in a position now to turn that corner you have been looking for since mid-1975. Hell, those creeps are still chopping away at you, but don't feel hesitant to blast away and burn the shit out of them. If ever you have had the desire to ram a few asses and capitalize on a few flaming pussies, this is your chance. Don't waste time with the same old sermon; you know where to go and whom to attack. Don't fail now!

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 — December 20)

Spring Cleaning time for you Sagittarians is a perfect opportunity to sweep out the old girl friends and welcome in the new crop. Only don't let your wife know about it. You Saggys have a blunt way of giving people the "hole" truth and nothing but the truth, so play a few games this month and save a few tempers. As far as finances are concerned during March—no problem! Your charts show money coming in from that lucky star that hangs over your head. Of course, you'll need it this month because you will be laying out a lot of bucks for dames—and fun. Hopefully, both.

CAPRICORN (December 21 — January 19)

Cut the work schedule this month and try to have more fun. You are usually punching the clock 18 or more hours a day and now is the time to punch out a few cute pussies instead. Don't worry about finances during March because taxes are going up and there is no damned sense in working your ass off to pay for the Bicentennial hoopla. You spend enough to get the very best. One you might try this month is a fond fiddle—a Pisces chick. They usually have the hottest pussies in town, except for Virgos (who have to be primed with sincerity and a large bank account).

AQUARIUS (January 20 — February 18)

Ready to root for an orgy? Toss a Bicentennial Body Bash? You "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" guys are prepared for anything right now. Charts are up and cocks should be aimed in the same direction. You shouldn't have any trouble willing your way into a beauty's boudoir or stoking up a dull party into a "fuck feast." Of course, you are running out of cash, as always, but March is a good time to air out the cellar, push aside your torture chamber goodies, and dig out the "mad money" you buried there ages ago. No time like the present to eat, drink and make it with Mary, Harry, Larry, Jerry and...?

The Kid took one banker for \$200,000, another for \$250,000, and a financier for \$350,000. His career total was \$8,000,000.

both that operation and a legitimate gum-vending operation because the authorities thought they were con games. According to the Kid, with the gum deal he lost the patent for a flavor of gum that was later sold to Wrigley for \$2 million and became Spearmint.

Later, the Kid collected nice fees for

lectures on "Crime Does Not Pay" and lived alone on Chicago's North Side under various names. In the seventies he moved to a nursing home where he resides today.


He apparently is happy with the life he chose, once remarking, "People will tell you that crime does not pay. Perhaps that is right, but it paid me handsomely and I feel

that I have lived a thousand years."

He recalls that he studied the Bible and books on Moses, Buddha and Mohammed, and that these works gave him no belief in religion but served to convince him of the power of words, helping him to use those words to make a fortune.

Having lived the past 50 years in honest retirement, the Kid claims he never swindled working people and seems to have no regrets, saying in a moment of reflection: "I never took a dime from honest, hardworking people who could not afford to lose. I took money only from those who could afford it and were willing to go in with me on schemes which they fancied would fleece others."

"Joseph Weil lies
under the ground;
Don't jingle any money
while walking around."

—Epitaph suggested by
Joseph Weil's late wife 



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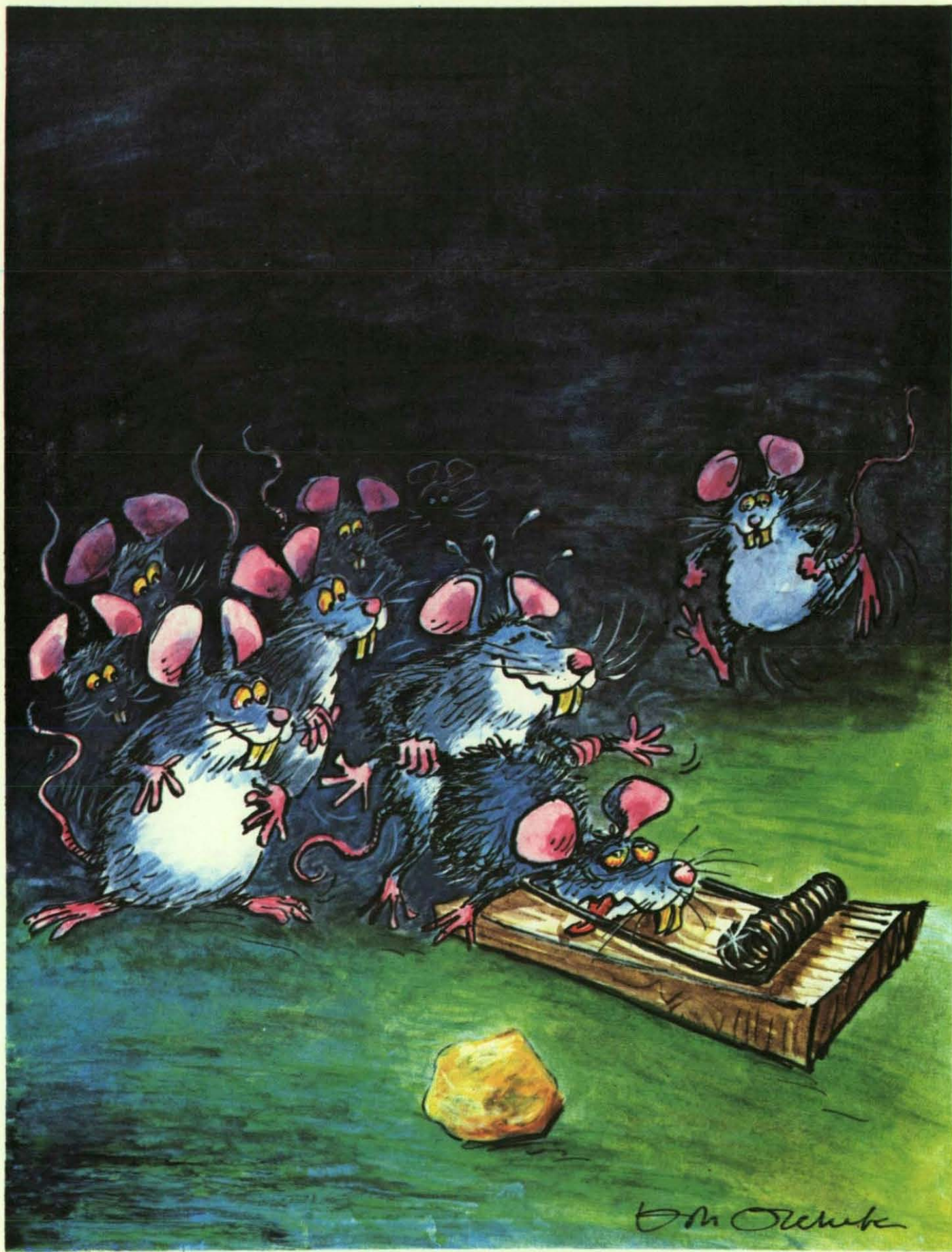
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Going Down In Bunnyland

continued from page 38

Take, for example, the problem of setting the print run. Until just recently, Preuss was in charge of this task, but was he aware of just how costly overprinting can be—of how unprofitable, except to the papermakers and the printer? And, if Preuss was aware, did he tell anyone?

What he knew but didn't say is that the size of a print run should be determined by the number of copies previously sold. Future sales can be maximized by the way the magazine is circulated...by the "lay-down" (the number of copies allotted to various wholesalers).

The man who used to be in charge of these matters was Vincent Thompson, a rotund, hard-drinking, chain-smoking circulation genius. He was one of those who, in the South, would be called a "good ole boy"—a type who grew up in a smoke-filled room and knew how to cut a deal and still play honest.

He built *Playboy's* circulation from 1.2 million in 1961 to almost 7 million in 1972, a

year before he died of lung cancer. Ironically, he was never welcome at the Playboy mansion. Only the pretty put-out girls and the go-go executives impressed Hefner.

Anyway, Thompson was always doing battle with Preuss, but, unfortunately for the stockholders, he lost the war. What came to be known as the Thompson Plan never was put into effect. He wanted to bypass the national distributor altogether, thereby saving millions. A national distributor—in the case of *Playboy*, it's the Independent News Company—is basically a brokerage operation. It advances money to the publisher before the price paid at the newsstand could get back to him. The distributor also employs bookkeepers and a few roadmen. For its not very considerable trouble, the Independent News Company, at the peak of *Playboy's* success, was knocking down \$3 million a year.

Since the corporation at the time had more cash than it knew what to do with—and subsequently squandered it—the Thompson Plan, or at least some version of it, should have been put into effect. But Preuss turned him down and instead signed a new five-year contract in 1967 with Independent for terms which meant a mere \$250,000 a year more for *Playboy*. Thus, the company lost the chance to realize a good chunk of some \$15 million more over a five-year period.

Thompson's successor, Ben Goldberg, has been unable to do anything to stop the

circulation slide begun shortly after he arrived—interestingly enough—from the Independent News Company.

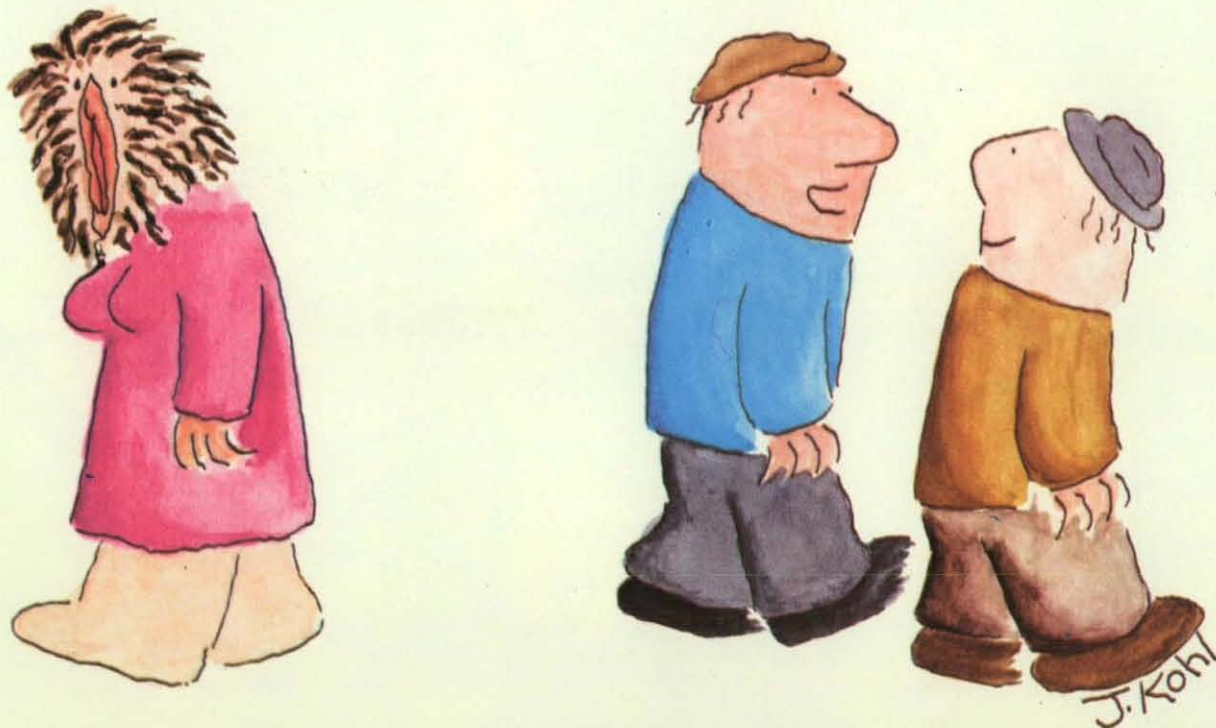
Quantitatively, Hefner and his pals have far more failures than successes. On the debit side are two defunct magazines, *Trump* and *Show Business Illustrated*; the unprofitable *Oui*; the two movie fiascos, *Macbeth* and *The Naked Ape*; the two TV series; the already-mentioned clubs; the hotel resorts; and the condominiums. All have lost money.

Besides *Playboy* magazine, only the gambling operation in Great Britain is successful.

Whether or not Hefner and the company survive their looming financial difficulties, the magazine will go on. Predictions are that sales will bottom out at two million a month. The magazine will probably continue as a slightly altered version of a 1960's *Playboy* but without the airbrush, probably finding a market of staid, middle-aged men, a magazine on par with *Esquire*, which is where Hefner once worked.

This sort of *Playboy*—one featuring high class ass for the mass—will undoubtedly sell, but competition for the attention of that mass will be unrelenting.

Hefner, once a champion of the hedonistic life, is no longer able to provide a good time for others. He's tied to the past; he's isolated; he fails to respond to his readers' current needs. His magazines are slick, but clearly outdated and often just dull. ■



"She's not much to look at, but she gives great blow-jobs!"

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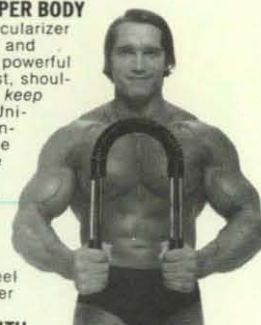


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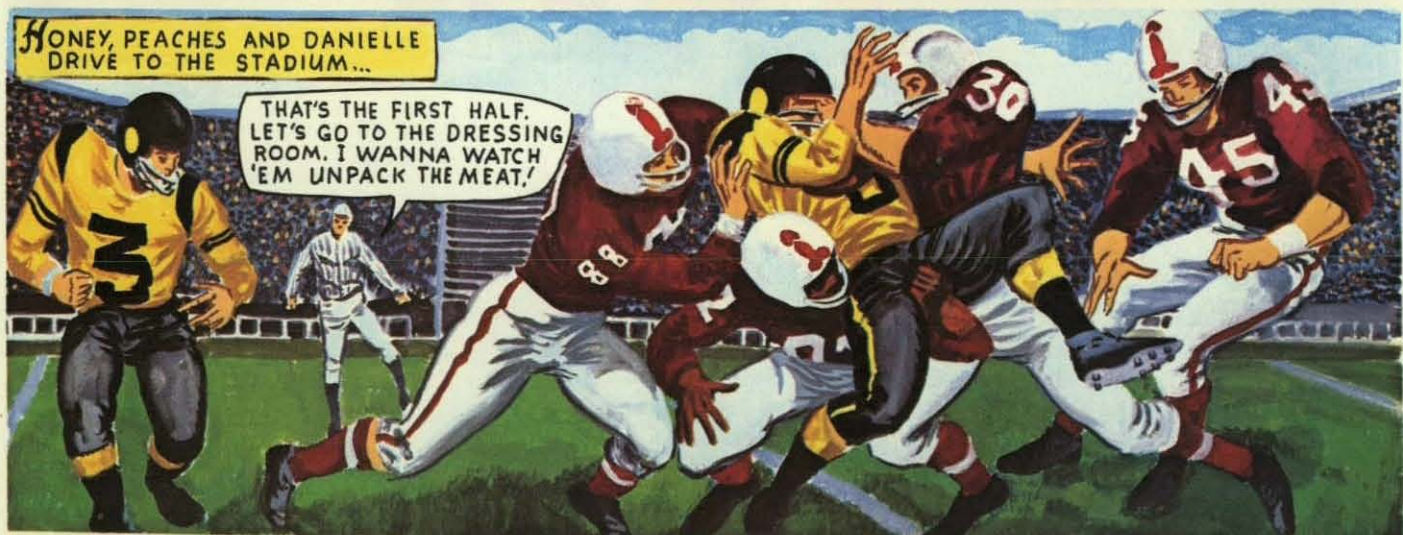
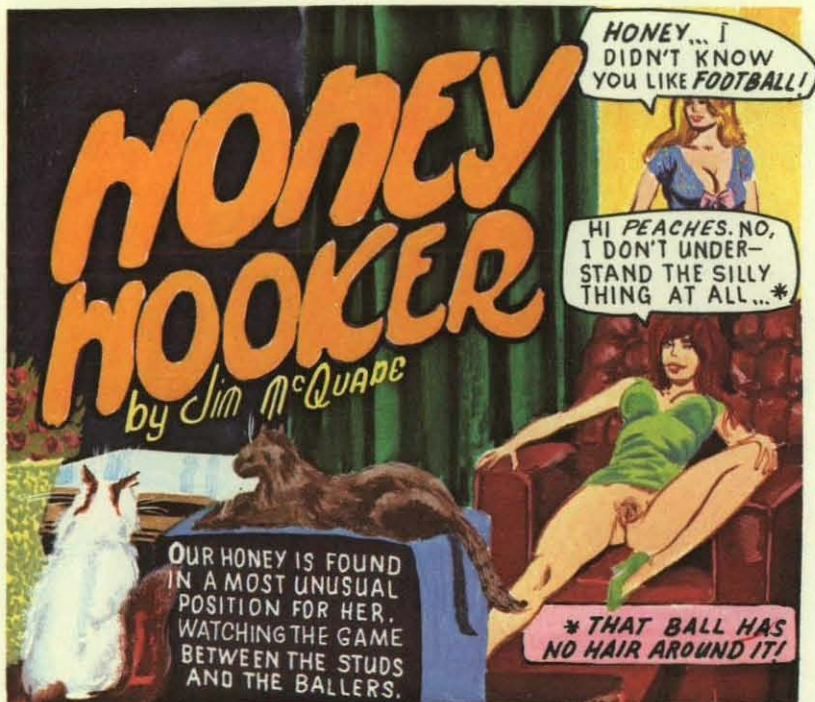
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KNOW, NOBODY'S
ADMITTED AT
THE HALF.

AW...C'MON. I *KNOW*
WE COULD REALLY
INSPIRE THE *STUDS*!

THISAHERE *WOOL* COULD SHO'
'SPIRE ME! LET'M IN *BOZO*,
LESSEN Y'ALL HAVE A BAD
ACCIDENT... *SUDDEN 'N*
ONPLEASANT!



PEACHES
M' JUICY!

BANANAS...
MY *STIFFEROD*!

AWWW, GEE...
THEY SURE
ARE MUSHY
ON EACH
OTHER.

SHOWERS



BANANAS...
I'VE MISSED
YOU...

HEY JACQUES!
LOOKA THIS!

WOW! SEE THE
SIZE OF THE
JOINT ON HIM?!

OUI. SOME
BANANA... BUT
NO SOFT.



WHO ARE YOU
FINE CHICKS?

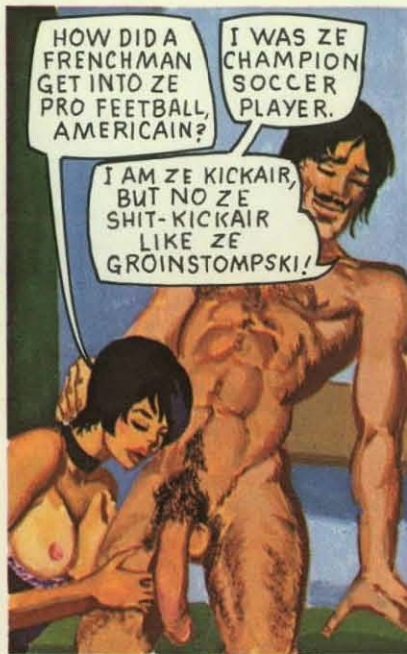
AHHHH...
LA BON PUSSY...

HEY! MORE
BIG GUYS.



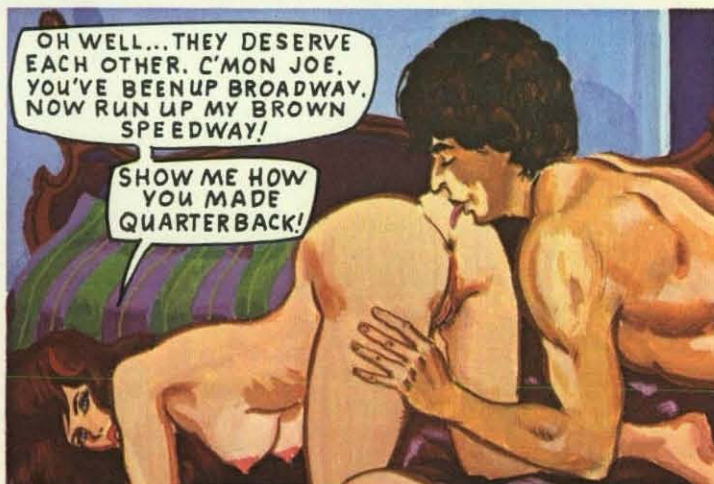
I'M JOE LAMEASS... THE
QUARTERBACK... AND
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ADVISE & CONSENT

continued from page 11

sex than fucking, and there is no reason why you and your wife can't play around in bed doing what you can do.

In fact, it is just this kind of playing around, and not worrying about whether or not you have a hard-on, which is the best cure for not getting a hard-on. When you stop worrying about your prick, you just might find it coming up on its own.

I have a problem. After I have gone on a big jag or drunk, the next day I get a hangover and am so horny that I want it all day. Sometimes this feeling lasts for two or three days. I was wondering if that is abnormal or is it the type of booze I drink. Pardon the handwriting—I am in a stupor at the moment, and in the arms of a chick.

A.H.

New Brunswick, Canada

In a stupor in the arms of a chick in New Brunswick, is it? Sounds like a good place to be. Being hung over is not at all abnormal. It happens to millions every weekend. Wanting to fuck while hung over isn't common, but it's not abnormal. It could have something to do with the type of booze you drink. Try switching around.

Your write-up in the November Advise & Consent about the guy who has to "lay his penis over the front of the toilet seat to keep from dunking it in the water" does not seem comical to me, only a little messy.

Being hung myself (8½-in. soft), it would seem stupid to hang it over the front of the seat when shitting because most of the time some urine is emitted during the shitting. Sponges around the toilet base may be helpful, or possibly hanging a pot on the front edge. The problem I experience is avoiding the cold water splashing on my ass from the turds falling in, caused by sitting with my cock towards the very front of the bowl's edge.

As for sex with short-channeled partners, I use several rubber doughnuts placed over my dong, and experiment by using different quantities with various positions. I keep a chart of the different positions, and the number of rubber rings to use for each.

It's kind of exciting going to bed saying, "Well, let's see if I can find your chart. It must be around here somewhere!" It is definitely not a handicap being well hung; after all, it's what you do with what you've got that pays off in the end.

D.K.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

Thanks for the note. All of you well-hung, and not so well-hung, readers should let us know about your problems, and how you deal with them.

THE PHILOSOPHER

Only the wound speaks its own word.

ANTONIO PORCHIA

We have been married for six years. My husband and I enjoy sex together—we fuck four or five times a week. I love my husband, and love being fucked by him, but for the last year I haven't been able to get off with him unless I fantasize while we are making it. My fantasies all share the same theme: I am in a room with six or seven men. There is a table in the room, and all of the men are going to make it with me on the table. We are all naked, and their giant cocks are partially erect, giving them a lewd quality as they swing about when the men move. Two or three of the men pick me up and place me onto the table so that my legs hang over the edge, spread apart so that my cunt is exposed. The men aren't brutal, but they are direct and forceful. One by one they come to me, opening my lips with their fingers and easing their cocks, now erect, into my vagina. Each one fucks me in turn, and then sits down and watches the next. As they enter me, one after another, my thighs heat up and become slippery with the mixture of our sex juices. I become more frantic with each one, and as the last one comes, I make it, and then he falls over me on the table. I always imagine this just as my husband is coming, and it makes me come at the same time.

It has gotten so that this is the only way I can come. I am worried about what it means; is it that I really don't love my husband? I think I love him, but if I do, why can't I come without imagining other men fucking me?

Doris C.

Phoenix, Ariz.

Your problem is not uncommon; in fact, it should hardly be considered a problem at all. Many people fantasize during sex. The mind is the most important sex organ, and is often turned on by things which may be great to imagine but we would never want to have happen in reality.

As to not being able to come without this fantasy, don't let it bother you. After all, it's better than not being able to come without a vibrator. You'll always have your imagination with you, and you don't have to worry about the batteries running down!

I would like to make a suggestion, based on my experience, to all the gals who are having trouble with shaved pussies.

After numerous unsatisfactory results, I tried shaving just the area around my slit (about a half inch all around). This exposed my slit completely with no rash and no pain.


Now my husband is happy to be able to see it all at a glance; it's easy to lick, and when I go without panties, the seam in my slacks or jeans does a super job of rubbing my clit and turning me on all day.

L.B.

St. Louis, Mo.

P.S. I love HUSTLER. It gives me such great ideas to try on my husband for super screwing.

Thanks for the tip, and we hope it helps our women readers keep their pussies cleared of pubic hair and ready for action.

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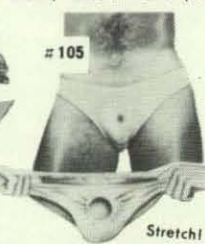
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APRIL PREVIEW

EXCLUSIVE! JERRY RUBIN, the 1960s radical who achieved lasting fame for his participation in the famous Chicago Seven conspiracy trial, tells why he wrote his latest book, "Growing (Up) at 37." Did Rubin's small cock make him a radical? You'll find out in this no-holds-barred HUSTLER Interview by Bruce David.

COUNTRY PORN PROFILE — In HUSTLER's quest to seek out new or unusual talent to keep our readers informed as to who's who on the scene, we discovered Country Porn, a pornographic country music band full of rhythm and jism. By GLENN L. WATKINS.

THE HIRED GAL — A tale of what happens when a little foreign honeybunch hooks up with a couple of all-American hillbillies. The local preacher gives it to her straight and it sure ain't that ol' time religion. By RAY RUSSELL.

THE NEW DIRTY COMICS — It's a far cry from when you were a crumb-cruncher reading about Mickey Mouse and Bugs Bunny. Here's the real stuff, gang: hard-core sex action in the underground comics. A detailed report about the shockingly explicit comic book rage. By CLAY GEERDES.

MOTHERHOOD — Some men feel the most beautiful women are those who are in a state of full-blossom pregnancy, so, in answer to our many requests for such a pictorial, we have finally found a woman who feels the same way.

MORE BARE BEAVER — Barbara Jean just never grew up, nor does she have the desire to, and with all the fun she's having...we don't want her to.

COUNT-DOWN — Featuring the blonde, MAX, as the centerfold this month wasn't easy, but we finally took her out of our private collection and hope you like her as much as we do. And for those who don't, we have FAITH, whose beauty is only matched by her brain. To add flavor to all this we added a dash of JASMINE, an oriental delight.

AND THEN — A reader sent us a KINKY KORNER that we just had to share with you, the same way one mother shares her son's friend. In SEX PLAY this month you'll surely gain a better understanding of your own orgasms (if you happen to be a man). And don't just skip over our other tidbits like BITS & PIECES, SEX BITS, ASTROLOGICAL GUIDE, ADVISE & CONSENT and our always-tasteless Humor and Cartoons.

PREVIEW

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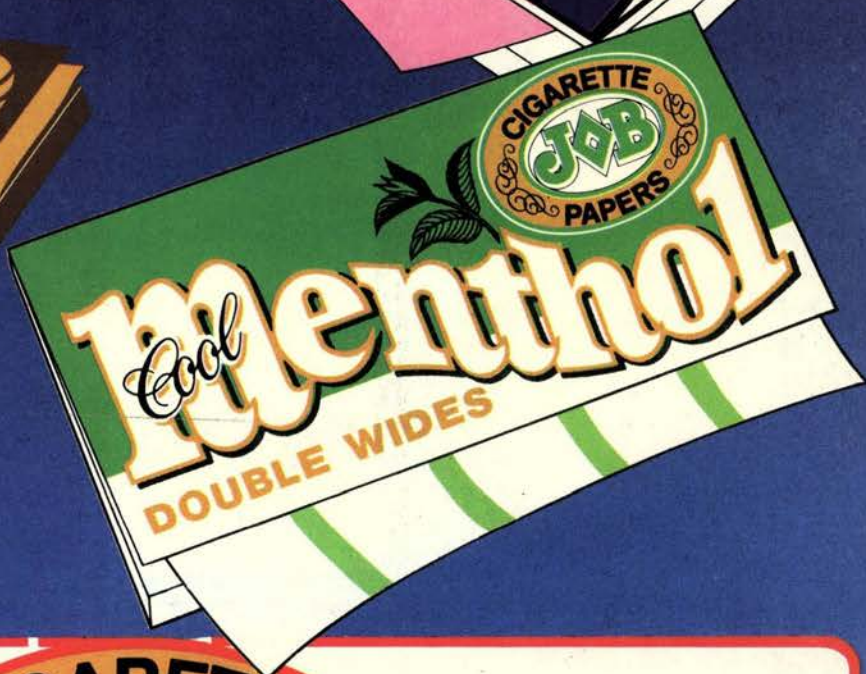
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